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GLEANER BOOKROOM
HUNTINGDON, QUE.

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MORVEN

PART ONE

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THIS is how we who dwelt on Deir, which is one of the islands on the west of Scotland, came to leave and, being taken to Virginia, suffered much until we found homes in Canada. We dwelt in peace until the winter of 1769. One day, when the sea was calm, we saw a boat coming from the mainland. It had four rowers and when it drew near, we could see that the man in the stern was dark-faced, whom none of us knew. He told us his name was John Campbell, that he was the new factor, and had been sent by our chief to get our rents. We sickened at the word rent.

Then up spake Hamish. "I am the oldest man here and rent was never asked from this island. When the first frost came we would send half a score of sheep, or may-be a steer, as a present to our chief, and those who took them never came back empty-handed, for the old chief and his good lady remembered our widows and orphans. We never paid rent and never shall, for our fathers dwelt here since time began and the island is ours."

The man answered his master had been to Edinburgh and had got a title-deed for the island, so it was now his to do with it as he liked. If we would not pay rent we would have to leave. Hamish replied, though he was now old, he could still fight, and would not go from the land of his fathers. With an oath, the factor said we would either pay rent or he would bring the soldiers from Fort William and drive us into our boats. This, after much talk not here set down, was his last word, as his men set the sail, for there was now a breeze from the west.

And there was great sorrow among us. The men cursed and shook their fists at the boat but the women cried. It had been a sore season. Drouth in July and August withered the grass and our corn, the cattle and sheep were too thin to kill, and there was small store of meal or of butter and cheese when the winter set in. Had it not been for the herring we would have perished. When Yule was near a boat went to the mainland with what little oats we had to be made into meal, and the men brought back word that the crofters who lived near the mill were being made to pay rent. Those who would not promise to pay, had been driven from their houses by the soldiers and their homes burned.

Candlemas passed and three days later the factor's boat was sighted. We gathered at the landing-place and when he asked if we would pay rent, we answered No. He said his master would let us off easy and be content with a small rent. Hamish answered

we would pay any honest debt, but would not pay for the use of the land that belonged to us. Then the factor spoke smoothly and said we doubtless had our rights and his master had respect to them, and seeing the island was now too small for so many families he would provide for us if we would agree to go where there was land in plenty.

"Where would he take us?" asked Hamish.

"Over the sea, where it is warm and there is plenty to eat."

"You mean America?" said Hamish.

"Yes, the laird will pay your passage and you will never know cold nor hunger any more."

He talked smooth and promised much. We said we wanted time to consider. He answered he must carry back our answer, for if we agreed to go the chief would hire the ship he had offer of, and whose owner was then at the castle waiting our reply. Hamish said we would talk it over by ourselves, and the factor said he would stay till the shadow came over the east side of our cow hill. When he left us, walking over the island, looking it all over, every tongue was loosed. Some were for taking the offer but most were for staying: the old did not want to leave. Sandy Ruadh's wife rocked herself and wailed she would never leave the Highlands, and two women older than her joined in her lament. Hamish asked the men each one what they would do. They were in a swither, and spoke one way at whiles and another way a minute after. They were lost in trying

to think. Then came a cry from the house of Ian More, which was nighest to us. His wife rose. "It's my bairn," she said. "I put him to sleep with promise of breakfast and I have none to give him," and she burst out crying. The thought of all the cold and hunger we had undergone came to us at her words, and we knew there was worse to come, for there were homes where the last bite had been eaten, and they were borrowing where there was little left. Hamish raised his voice. "If we stay we perish: better go to America and live," and no one said him nay. Then the talk was of the terms to be made, and many asked what they knew could not be got. In the end it was settled to leave Hamish to make the best bargain he could, and he said he would surely do that, and asked four of the oldest men to be with him when he spoke to the factor, whom we saw coming back. When told we were willing to go to America, the factor said we did what was wise, and when terms were come to he promised everything Hamish and the Men asked, until they had their doubts of him. While they stood, the factor took a flask from the boat and passed it round twice, and they shook hands. As the boat shoved off, he was asked when the ship would come. She was lying at Troon with her cargo on board, and would sail for our island with the first wind to suit. The next day a boat came from the mainland, fetching two bags of oatmeal, a gift from the laird, and the cry of the children was not heard that night.

It was in the dead of night the noise of a ship coming to anchor woke us, and we wondered she had come so soon, though it was the tenth day since the factor left. We had done nothing in preparation, and when the skipper came ashore at sunrise and asked if we were ready to go on board, he was angry when Hamish answered, we were not and might not be for a week. He cursed us for a lazy lot and declared we must go on board at once, for he was not going to miss the S.E. wind that was blowing from the mainland. Going back to his ship he sent all its boats with the mate in charge. Going into the houses the sailors carried out our bits of things, even the pots that were hung over the fire with the children's porridge. Katie McEachran was milking. They wrenched the cogie from her, kicked the stool away, and drove off the cow. It was all confusion: children crying and women entreating the strangers to begone. Hamish and the Men swore at them, but the sailors heeded not, for they were English and understood not what was said. When they had taken the plenishing they lifted the children into the boats, whereupon the women set up a cry that was lamentable to hear. The children gone, they followed them the next trip. The Men were talking among themselves and saying they would fight, but not one would strike the first blow, and they obeyed the bidding to get into the boats. When Donald Bane made to enter they thrust him aside, and when Hamish asked the reason, the mate did not answer him,

for he knew not Gaelic. Hamish cried to Morven to speak to them, and the mate answered, Donald was of no use, for he had only one arm. His right arm had been hacked off by a cavalry man at Culloden, whither he had gone when a lad with his father. On being told what the mate said, Hamish declared he would not move a foot, unless Donald was taken. When Donald stepped towards the boat, the mate flung him aside. Hamish gripped the mate by the throat and the Men moved to help him. The mate thereupon signed to Donald to get into the boat and we followed. A collie swam after the boat. A sailor, with a blow of his oar, smashed its skull. On boarding the ship, we found the children eating biscuits that had been thrown to them, and the sailors heaving the anchor. As the ship began to move, smoke rose from the shielings we had left. Before jumping into the last boat a sailor had set fire to them with peats from their own hearths. When the flames got above the thatch we thought our hearts would break. The mother of Donald Bane, who had second sight, pushed her way to the captain's deck, when, stretching her arms upwards, she put the curse on the chief and his sons' sons to the fourth generation. Our flesh crept as we listened: the Men said it was good for them.

To round the foot of the island, after which she could lay her course for the west, the ship had to make short tacks, and as we neared the mainland a boat was spied making for us with flowing sail.

Hamish said it was the minister's boat, and as she drew nearer we saw him in the stern with his plaid round him and his white hair flowing in the breeze. As the ship was brought up in the wind for another tack, the boat came up and a rope was thrown her. The minister came on board and his boat with her two men towed astern. He spoke with the captain, who was heard to say he could tell nothing, he must see the chief. Then he came forward and we gathered round him. He had a kind word for all, to the smallest child, and he gave advice to the Men. Then, as the time was short, for another tack would bring the ship to the open between the islands, he had worship, and when in his prayer he committed us to God, seeing man had no mercy upon us, the women rocked and wept and the children, crying, held on to them. The mate touched the minister's arm and told him it was time to go. Taking Morven aside and speaking to him in English the minister said, "I fear the worst, Morven, (for I will call you by the name we gave you from where you came to us, an orphan child) and am powerless to help. You know English and must do your best to help them. The cloud that is leaving the top of yonder mountain will never see it again, but God has ordained its pathway. If He watches the vapor that will be melted in the sunshine in a few moments, think you not He will watch you? Fail not in doing what is right by your people. Live for them and, if the call so be, die for them. Take this to keep in remembrance the charge I now give

you," and he thrust a book into Morven's hands. He shook hands with us all, as we pressed round him, to the youngest child, and, standing on the taffrail to step into his boat, he blessed us. His men bent to their oars and we watched the boat as it breasted the waves until we could see it no more. The ship's head was laid for the west and before dark we had cleared the last of the islands.

On the night of the sixth day the wind rose to a gale. In the morning the sailors said it would break by noon, but it did not, growing worse, so that the ship labored heavily and was swept by the waves. The next day the storm was wilder, and the waves higher. To hold her bow to the wind sail was hoisted on the mizzen. When growing dark the yard snapped, and, breaking the stays, the mast went too. The ship broached sideways to the waves and for a time it seemed she would founder, and she would, had the wreckage not been swept to the lee and dragged her bow toward the wind. A cry arose from those below that the ship had sprung a leak. The pump was set agoing with little hope. Towards midnight the gale broke, and the captain spoke to the men at the pump, saying they would yet make land. Daylight showed the wreck of the mizzen-mast and of the piece of the lee bulwark, which the weight of water had carried away when she broached-to at the snapping of the mast. The tearing away of the bulwark posts had caused the leak. When the sailors saw the leak was above and not below the water-line they

made light of it, and taking canvas and old cloths stuffed them into the cracks, for the waves kept on sweeping over the deck. As the gale broke the waves went down, and the second day there was a calm, the ship rocking on a glassy swell. Haste was made in repairs. A furnace was set on the foredeck and over it was swung a cauldron to melt pitch to caulk the leaks. Unnoticed, while all were busy, the sun in burning away the haze that covered the sea revealed a ship within a few cables' length. That she was a French privateer there could be no doubt. She fired no shot, knowing her prey was secure entire so soon as there was wind enough to give her steerage way. It was an hour or more before a slight air came up and filled her sails when she bore down upon us, her deck crowded with armed men ready to leap when she came alongside of us. We felt our hour had come. Morven stood on the forecastle. As the two hulls grazed, he caught the guy-rope of the boom on which hung the cauldron of melted pitch, and swinging it outwards the rigging of the privateer caught and upset the tar on its deck. There was a dreadful shriek from the men on whom it poured, the grappling irons were not thrown, and the privateer drifted astern. Seven of her crew had leaped from her as she moved past: these Hamish and the Men sprang upon and stabbed with their dirks. From the privateer, as she slowly drifted away, there rose a smothering smoke, which suddenly flashed into flame. The port fires that had been lighted at her guns, had set

the pitch in a blaze. At noon a breeze came up when the flames rose higher than her masts, until suddenly they reached her magazine and with a loud noise she disappeared. We could not make sail, for the wind was on our starboard, and in heeling over with it our wrecked side would have been under water. In our perplexity top-sails were seen rising on the horizon. They proved to be those of a man-of-war, and when she came up she loosed the British flag and sent a boat on board. The officer who came said they had seen the smoke and had changed their course. On returning to his ship, there was sent a cutter towing a spar to be rigged as a jurymast for our broken mizzen, with carpenters and sailors to make repairs on our splintered quarter that would do until port was reached. She stood by until noon of next day, when signal was made recalling her men. They left and soon after she filled, heading southward.

Nothing more out of the ordinary happened. Six weeks out land was sighted and next day, doubling the cape, the ship sailed into Chesapeake bay, holding on until abreast of Jamestown. The captain went ashore to report to the agent, taking Morven to carry his packages. Sitting outside the agent's office he could not help overhearing what was said, for the day was warm and doors and windows were open. He was dumb with astonishment on learning his people were bound for service on a tobacco plantation. On the captain's coming out and they were walking along the street, Morven asked if what he had heard

was true, and the captain told him they had been sold by their chief to a tobacco-lord in Glasgow for their passage, and that the factor got the sheep and cattle they left for his services. "How many years will they have to serve?" asked Morven.

"The manager will see to it that they will not get away so long as it pays him to keep them. Don't fear, Morven, for yourself; you will not go with them."

The houses and the people swam before the eyes of Morven, for he saw his neighbors were to be as slaves. The captain had many places to visit and many people to speak to. On being rowed back to the ship there was a schooner alongside and the women were carrying their plenishing into it and the children were playing on its deck. On the ship Hamish and the Men were seated round a stranger, who held in his left hand a big jar. He politely addressed Morven in English, and invited him to drink a glass to America, but he would not touch the rum held out to him. Turning to the men, Morven told what he had come to learn, how they had been sold by their chief to work as slaves on a tobacco plantation, and with a piercing cry of entreaty, called on them not to go. To his astonishment, the stranger answered what he had said in Gaelic. He reminded Hamish and the Men that he was a Highlander like themselves and wished them well. Where they were going they would be well treated, have good houses and plenty to eat, and never know what cold was.

The young man was mistaken. Then he passed the glass round. Hamish spoke. The stranger who had come to welcome them to America must not mind what the boy said, for he was an upstart, who, because he had got the English put himself before his elders and gave his advice when it was not asked. The Men knew a friend when they met one and thanked this true Highlandman who had come aboard to welcome them to their new home. And the Men mocked Morven. "Young man," added Hamish, "your day is over, we are here in America and do not need you to speak for us to the English. We have now a friend who can do that and who means well by us." And the stranger swore he was their friend, and filling the cup shook hands with them in a pledge. Morven would not hold his peace, but told them what he had said was truth, that if they went on the schooner it would be to slavery.

"You, who have no beard, are to tell us what to do!" replied Hamish in scorn. "You are the wise boy who knows everything! Nobody can do anything except yourself! It was you who pushed yourself before your elders when the minister came to bid us Men good-bye, and it was you who took the book and made yourself out to be a minister by reading out of it to the children. It was you who pretended to the captain to be in charge of us Men. It was you who tried to make the warship officer believe it was you who had defeated the French boat. What impudence! But you will have your nose now

rubbed in the mud." The men laughed and said things that stung. Still Morven ceased not to entreat they should not go. The women and children were all on the barge, which was waiting for the Men. The stranger rose. Hamish said they would have a parting-glass.

As the first of the Men lifted his foot to step into the barge, Morven gripped his arm and implored him not to go. Hamish staggered forward and struck Morven on the side of the head. As he was falling one of the Men caught him with his left arm and dealt him another blow. And as he lay on the deck one kicked him. When Morven came to himself, his head ached. He was in his bunk and by the noises he knew the ship was being unloaded. He tried to rise, when his head swam and he sank back, sick at heart. It was long before the sailors entered the forecastle. One came to him and shook him. "Hillo my hearty; all right again?" Morven opened his eyes and swooned again. "Better than doctor's stuff," said the sailor, as he returned with a wet cloth and replaced the one that bound his head. Sunshine was streaming down the scuttle when Morven next awoke. The sailors were asleep in their bunks and all was quietness. "It must be the Sabbath," said Morven to himself, and he thought of summer Sabbaths he had known and yearned for the freshness of the breath of the land of loch and hill. He felt better, the heat and soreness had left his head. He lay until the clash of church bells awoke the cook and

sent him to his galley. It was his call to breakfast that roused the crew. The sailor who had kept wet cloths on his head spoke first. "Never you meddle with people: mind your own business," he said.

"If you don't, you will get many a clout," was the saying of another.

"I wanted to save them," said Morven.

"Save them!" exclaimed the boatswain, "planting tobacco is good enough for them, the beggars."

"But they will be no better than slaves," said Morven.

"Better men than them have come through the mill of being planters' redemptioners. You follow your own nose, youngster, and thank your stars Hamish was drunk when he fetched you that blow; had he less rum on board you would have been in your grave instead of your bunk."

Next morning Morven went on deck when the captain called him aft, and told him to keep tally of the cargo that was being unloaded, for the second mate was off duty. The hold was cleared and the ship sailed up the coast for a cargo. Said the captain, "I am ready to sail and would send you to the hospital for the nuns to nurse, but I will take you with me. You saved my ship from the French pirate and I am not going to leave you as bones for yellow jack." Morven asked about Hamish and the rest. The captain knew nothing more than that they were taken up the river to a distant plantation. "Well for you I had rated your name with the ship's

crew or you would have been taken with them." The ship cast off from Baltimore, where she had loaded, and began her voyage to Boston, which she reached, and on unloading took on a cargo for Jamaica. Morven was not strong. His head reeled with the least over-exertion. "I will leave you here," the captain said the day before sailing, "for you are not fit to go to sea. I have got a place for you with a man who keeps an office and a sort of agency," and he took him to the man, who was Samuel Adams by name, and who agreed to hire him for a year for his board and a suit of clothes. As Morven was leaving the ship with his bundle, the captain took him aside. "Here's your pay, it will help you to buy some long-shore togs," and shook his hand.

Morven had found a hard master, who had no pity on him, but kept him at work from early morn to bedtime. Morven strove hard to please him. One afternoon his master said, "I am short to meet a bill that is due, lend me the money you had from the captain," and he got it. Next morning, on Morven's coming to take down the shutters, he found the door still locked. He went to his master's house for the key, to find he was not there. Before noon the sheriff came and took possession. Adams was a bankrupt and could not be found. Morven was sick at heart. He had no money, and he knew that his master had not paid his board. He could not face his landlady and walked to the Common. The day was warm and bright and the leaves had come, for it was springtime.

As he sat on the grass some one spoke from behind. "You are feeling bad: what ails you?"

It was a man in sailor's clothing and of purple face. Morven told him all. They sat and talked. When the day wore late the man asked, "What are you going to do?" Morven said he would sleep under a tree, he dare not go to his boarding-house for he had no money and his master had not paid what was due. The man asked the name of the woman he had boarded with, and being told he became curious and asked many questions. "Come with me," said the man. They walked towards the harbor. They halted at a baker's shop, and then went on to a deserted sail-maker's loft. "You can sleep here and this will do for supper and breakfast," said the man, pushing a loaf into Morven's hand and going away.

In the morning Morven set out to seek work, and had many refusals. Had he had a trade he would have found employment, but he had none. On going into a shop near that of his old master he was taken on, for the storekeeper said he had taken observation of his industry. Morven went to his boarding-house, told the woman he had got a place, and if she would wait he would pay her every shilling his runaway master was due her. And he denied himself in every way until he had done so.

It was in the fall, when his master came into the store late in the afternoon holding a letter in his hand. "Morven, this letter must be sent after the Jasper Daggett; she is wind-bound at the mouth of

the harbor. Get a horse at once." In ten minutes Morven was on his way. As he left Charlestown behind it grew dark, and a mist blew in from the sea. On nearing the hook behind which he knew several ships rode at anchor, he could not see how he was to get to the Daggett, but on alighting at the tavern he found many sea-faring men who had come on shore, to have a social time awaiting a change of wind. Among them was the captain of the Daggett, who, on reading the letter, thanked Morven and bade him stay, for the night was dark and the road bad.

After supper he regretted staying, for the company set to drinking and there was clamor and vile talk. Getting into a corner he at last fell asleep. On awaking all was silence in the house and he was alone in the room. By the pale light he knew it was morning and from a distance came the choruses of sailors. They were heaving anchor. The wind had changed with the turn of the tide, when the captains hurried to their ships which were now putting out to sea. Watching the loosening of sail as one after another got under way, Morven walked along the shore The sun was rising. The last land it shone on was my own dear land, he said to himself, and as he thought the waves that burst at his feet may have kissed the strand of the island he loved, he stood and wished the glittering pathway with which the sun spanned the ocean was one by which he could return. The scenes of dear old Scotland flected past his mind's

eye and he strove then and afterwards in his lone lodging to fix these pictures in rude couplets—

Far yont the hills the comin morn doth break,
The sun slowly opes his een aboot to wake;
Wi mony a blush upon her bonny broo
His fair partner, Nicht, doth awn 'tis true—
Sune ower the hills he keeks wi cheerfu glower
Kissing frae glen and brae the darkness dour.
Through gloom the loch nae langer sullen gleams,
But glints fu brichtly in the gowden streams.
Wi' flowin tide and caller breeze, wave chases wave
Till, wi refreshin soon, the shore they lave.
Frae craggy couch the eagle eddying flies,
The lark mounts singing to the skies,
Frae grey dikeside ilk lintie sprucely haps,
Far ower the hills the shepherd lanely stalks.
Upon the muir, whaur heathbells glint wi dew,
The paitricks whirring rise, a scraichin crew,
An sheep, wi wonderin een, scan the glowin sky,
An lammies a' their sorrows tell wi plaintive cry.
But let me noo unto yon village turn
That sits aneath the hill, aside the burn,
Past the auld grey kirk aroon whose waas
Sleep mony, for the first time, free o' sorrow's caas.
As lanely doon the silent street I gang—
It has only ane, but that ane 's lang—
Aslant the hoosetaps the brichtin sunbeams glide,
In chill blue shade the dreepin kaleheeds hide.
Few soons or signs o' life the sense doth reck:
Amang the stour a chuckie scarts and pecks—
A waukrife beastie. I hear nae human ca—

But smother'd rowts and orra craw.
The hinmost mist has left the hill in gauzy swurl
Afore frae lum o' Howdy Jean the reek gin curl.
At ilka door poke heeds o' auld wives sneeshie,
In flannen mutches baith black an creeshie,
An Souter Tam steps by wi furtive e'e
To slip into Luckie Lammie's door agee
For mornin dram—a shifless, drucken body—
Red-cooled, in body gaunt as ony atomy.
Noo puir men drap by wi grape and shool
To seek their wark, sair boon by poortith's rule—
Their life the teughest fecht aneath the sun—
The puir man's darg is never done.
Cleekit high ower fire the parritch pechs an reeks
Watcht sharp by girnin lads withoot their breeks,
Till sharp, frae bickers fu to bickers scartit,
The skudgie weans for shore an quay hae startit;
Barefitted, wi scraich an mickle din, they rin
To see the herrin-boats come boundin in.
The village morn is done,
It's day's life 's begun.

The picture faded of the happy days he had spent in the manse on the mainland, and Morven woke to his duties in Boston. In the spring his master extended his shop, and with keen eye Morven watched the workmen, anxious to learn their trade. His spare minutes he spent with them and they were willing to have his help. So handy did he show himself with tools that the foreman encouraged him. With what money he could spare, he bought tools,

and his reading of books in the evening he varied with attempts at cabinet-making.

It was an afternoon in November when returning from an errand he found his master with a crowd of people gathered on the street. They were watching a row going on in front of the adjoining tavern. The roadway was filled with fighting men and the air resounded with their curses. The fracas ended as suddenly as it had begun and when those engaged in it had disappeared a man was left outstretched. Going up to him it was seen he was unconscious. The door of the tavern being barred, Morven was told by his master to give a hand in carrying him into the shop, until the constable came. On drawing near, Morven recognized the man he had met eighteen months before on the common, who had given him a loaf and had found him shelter for the night. There were bruises from blows but no blood. A blue mark on his forehead showed where he had been hit with the bottle found beside him. Morven told his master what he knew of him, and he agreed to let him remain until he came to his senses, instead of the constable dragging him to prison. On going to his supper Morven spoke of what had happened, and when he was ready to go back to see if he had wakened, his landlady said she would go too. His master, waiting for his return to go to his home, said there was no change—the man was still unconscious. Lifting the candle Morven led the way to the backstore, where the wounded man was stretched on a pile of

bags. As the light fell on his face, the woman gave a shriek, and rushing forward clasped the impassive head and gave vent to hysteric weeping that shook her frame. When she had recovered herself she told Morven the man was her son. Left a widow while he was a baby, she had brought him up with painful sacrifice, for she had to work out for both. She had striven to guard him from evil and had comforted herself with a happy future, when he would provide for her and be the joy of her old age. And so he would, for he was affectionate and biddable. All was well until he went into a shop to learn his trade A fellow apprentice taught him what was wrong, led him into bad company, and before she knew of his full peril he had got a craving for drink. In listening to all she had done to save him, the swelling of his heart often choked Morven. It was useless, she said. He could not rid himself of the desire for the liquor that had a stronger hold of him than mother, reputation, and life. He had gone from bad to worse until, six years ago, he had shipped as a sailor and she had lost all trace of him. Morven told of his meeting him and of his kindness, and the mother listened eagerly. The weary hours of watching crept by and Morven fell asleep. The sound of a voice nearby woke him. It was the mother in her agony praying that God would pardon her boy's sin and accept him. At a glance, young as he was, Morven saw a change had come, and that he was in the face of death. The mother's arms clasped the dying man's

neck, and kissing the whitening lips, she implored for one word, one sign of recognition. None came—he was dead After the funeral Morven asked, "Will I keep the bottle that struck him?" "Cast it away," she replied. "I try to forget everything; to forgive even the man who tempted my boy to drink his first glass, and the wretch who, for a few pennies, sold it to him. It was they who murdered him, not that bottle."

One night that winter, when the snow crunched under the feet of passers-by, two neighbors dropped in to see his landlady and Morven left his bench to join in the talk. The wind whistled, they gathered closer to the fire and one remarked it was an awful night for the poor. Just then Morven cried, "I think there is somebody at the door," and they halted in their pleasant talk to listen "It is a knock," they exclaimed as a faint sound was heard. Morven hurried to the door and saw, by the moonlight, a little boy standing in the snow. He spoke to him, but the boy's teeth were chattering with cold, so that his words could not be made out. "Come in," said Morven. The boy moved forward, stumbled, and fell. Morven lifted him in his arms and carried him to the fire that was blazing on the hearth. The boy looked round with frightened gaze and swo ned. They saw he was perishing with cold. While one woman took off his boots and chafed his icy feet another bustled to make a warm drink. In loosening his coat, a paper was seen to be pinned to the in-

side. It was handed to Morven to read. It was dated Portsmouth, and in a few lines told that the boy was the grandchild of his landlady, that hearing his father had been killed and there would be no more money to pay for his keep, he was sent to her. The woman was astounded. Taking the child from Morven she held him in her lap as she scanned his face in the firelight "My God," she cried, "he is my grandson; he is the picture of my son," and pressing him to her bosom she sobbed and kissed his pinched features. It was long before he opened his eyes and as he did he shivered, but did not complain. The neighbors left and when Morven went to his bed, the grandmother was clasping the boy as she rocked before the fire. Next day he was feverish and his mind wandered. He seemed to be in fear, and would moan, "Please don't," "Oh, do not hit me," and his grandmother understood the marks on his shrunken body. When he was able to speak rationally he could tell little. He never remembered anywhere else except Portsmouth and the woman who starved and beat him. No, she was not his mother and he never saw his father. A man took him into the stage and left him at his grandmother's door. With decent care he might have grown to be a hearty boy, but his body was dwarfed for lack of food, and his spirit broken by cruelty. The grandmother lavished loving care upon him. It had come too late: she saw with sorrow he was too delicate to grow to be a man. To Morven he took at once, clinging to him as if he were

his father, and he made him blocks and toys, and with these, when not lying down in weariness, he played. In the evenings he sat and watched, as Morven wrought with plane and chisel. When spring came, he carried him on his shoulder to the Common, where he watched the birds, the cows, the people until the chill of evening came. In getting into his little nightgown he cuddled in Morven's arms with the order "Sing," and he crooned Gaelic songs until the eyelids drooped. Month succeeded month, and season, season. They hoped for the best and deceived themselves he was growing stronger. Instead, he was wasting away. It was the end of September that Morven came home from his work and saw the white face pressed against the window watching for him. Rising from his little stool he would have run to him, but was too weak. Morven had brought him a bunch of grapes. He shook his head and put them aside. He sat on Morven's knee while he took his supper. He said he felt cold and Morven got a blanket and wrapping it round him gathered the child to his bosom. He was very quiet; the noise of children playing on the street was heard; he did not move. "Sing," he said. Morven began a lullaby he had heard. "No, the Highland song," the little man whispered. One Gaelic song after another and the door opened; the grandmother had been visiting a neighbor in trouble. "How is my pet?" and she touched him. There was no reply. She drew the blanket from his face. He was dead.

A fortnight later the grandmother said she would go and visit her people in the Berkshire hills, whom she had not seen for years. She stayed so long Morven was growing anxious, when a letter came from her. She would not return. A widowed brother insisted on her remaining to keep house for him. She directed what he was to send to her and to sell the furniture, which would more than pay the rent. When he had done as directed he was homeless. He had no heart to stay longer in Boston. As he went each morning to his work at the cabinet-maker's shop he passed the burying-ground where the body of the child had been laid, and he reflected, as he had never done, on death and eternity. The one thought that burned into his soul was the need of doing what duty called for before Death knocked, and his conscience accused him of making no effort to save the company of men and women on the tobacco plantation in Virginia. The figure of the white haired minister was often before his eyes and his charge sounded in his ears.

The afternoon Morven left Boston he passed a crowd of excited people near the wharf. A speaker was calling upon them to strike a blow for their liberties, denouncing the attempt of the king to make them pay any part of the debt incurred in the war that had overthrown French rule in America. Morven thought he recognized the voice. Moving to where he could see, he saw the speaker was his old master who had cheated him of his wages and his savings.

Landed in New York at the battery Morven was at once in the throng and carried past the fish market. He caught his breath; could he believe his eyes? There, over baskets of fish, was a one-armed man trying to make sales to two women. There was the iron grip of hands; the thrill of that clasp neither ever forgot. It was Donald Bane. "Sit beside me till I sell my fish," he cried, and Morven waited. The baskets emptied, Donald took him to his room, and then a flood of questions came alternately from both. Donald's story was this—The barge on which Morven saw them go on board carried them a long way up the Potomac. It was dark when they reached their journey's end, and were led to a row of huts. Next morning they found they were on a tobacco plantation and all who were fit to work were taken along with a gang of negroes to the fields to hoe the sprouting plants. They were well fed but the Men did not like steady work, and resented being ordered about. They did not understand English and there was no interpreter. The man who had coaxed them on to the boat had suddenly disappeared. When Sabbath came the Men refused to go to the fields. The manager was sent for, and the only word he understood was Sabbath, so he comprehended their desire. Seeing they were determined, he left them alone. In Scotland we would have gone, if sea and wind suited, in our boats to the Kirk on the mainland, but there was no Kirk here. Hamish prayed and we sang psalms in that lonesome place, where we had nobody

to speak to, for even the black men could speak English only. Talking among themselves the Men said they must get wages and know what they were, but when the horn sounded at daylight they would fall in, saying they would see about it next day, and it was always next day. The work was not hard had it not been for the heat. Having only one arm I was of no use in the field and was sent to help round the kitchen and yard until they found I understood how to manage boats and cast nets. The fishing in the Potomac is just splendid. Going up and down the river with the barge helped me more than any other chance to learn English, and I was keen to learn. All went on as usual until the tobacco was stripped. It was now October and the Men said they must have their pay, and one morning refused to go to work, making known to the foreman they wanted their wages. The manager coaxed and then threatened, but it was of no use: they would not work without wages. They sat round their houses and had much talk. The next day four men came riding to the manager's house—it was the sheriff with three helpers. I was made to go with them to explain to the men that if they would not work, the strangers would take them to jail. Hamish answered they had worked eight months and had not got a penny. The sheriff took no notice of what he said. Pulling a string of handcuffs from the bag he carried, he asked again if they would go to the fields. Hamish shouted "No, I am not a slave but a freeborn Scotchman."

The sheriff made a spring to snap handcuffs on him, when Hamish caught him by the head and threw him down. The Men rushed to help him and the three officers joined to back the sheriff. It was a wild fight for a few minutes, ending in the four followers lying senseless on the ground. As they recovered they staggered to the manager's house. So badly hurt were they that when they left, late in the day, they went in a wagon, being unable to mount their horses. There was rejoicing among the Men. Their blood was up and they were declaring to one another they would not do another handsturn until paid their wages. For two days we were left alone, for the manager and the overseer had left with the sheriff. The Men made no stir, waiting anxiously for what was to come. The afternoon of the third day the lad sent to keep a lookout, came running in. There was a lot of horsemen in sight. There were fifty and more, planters with their servants, and all armed. They never drew rein, but galloped to the huts, where the Men awaited their coming. Pushing their horses among them the Men had no chance to resist. Several were knocked down, falling under the horses' hoofs. Hamish was one of those. He sprang to his feet and catching hold of the boot of one of the horsemen tried to pull him from the saddle. He fired a pistol at his head and Hamish dropped dead. Before the Men knew where they were, they were handcuffed, crowded together and long ropes passed below their armpits. The women

screamed and the children cried as they saw the Men yoked up as if they were cattle. When ordered to move they stirred not a foot. The leader shouted to two of the horsemen, who must have been slave-drivers, for each drew a long black-snake lash and snipped the Men on the head. At the same time the planters pressed their horses behind them and they had to move or be trampled. It seemed a long time before a town was reached, when the Men were thrust into the jail, sore in body from cuts and bruises, but sorer in spirit. A week passed and they were led into a court-room. A lawyer explained to the judge that the Men were charged with resisting officers of the law, of riot, and assault. The sheriff and his three helpers were witnesses, and told how they had been received, and identified four of the Men who had struck them. The lawyer then called to the box a gentleman who had come from Jamestown. He held up a long document which he read to the judge. It was a contract, giving the owner of the plantation the labor of the Men for advancing the cost of their passage and of their families to America. The manager produced an account, showing the labor of the men had only paid a small part of the sum they were due. The judge asked if the Men had anything to say before he passed sentence. They did not understand him. I spoke up and explained as well as I could they were due the planter nothing. That it was the chief who had sent them to America, and the sheep and cattle, boats and fish-

ing tackle, they had left would more than pay their passage. They were free-born Scots and were not slaves to be held as prisoners on a plantation and be made to work for nothing. The lawyer asked how I came to lose my arm, and I told him. Speaking to the judge, he said, allowing what I stated applied to the case, it was the evidence of a confessed rebel who had fought against the king. The judge nodded, "Very true, Patrick Henry." The sentence was that all should be imprisoned one week and that the four Men who the sheriff's officers had sworn had struck them get twelve lashes each. One of the planters rose, a tall gentleman, and asked permission to speak. "It is granted, Colonel Washington." The gentleman said, while it was necessary the law be carried out to protect the rights of the planters and the great industry of Virginia, he would rather have the whipping left out. They were white, and had already been taught a severe lesson as to their place and duty to the colony. The lawyer objected: the sheriff could not get helpers if they were not protected. Instead of twelve, these men deserved twenty lashes. At this the planters clapped their hands and cried "Good." Seeing their voice was with him, the judge said he would not change the sentence. The men were taken back to prison, except the four who were chained to a block in front of it. When all was ready, one was tied to a post, his back bared, and the lash laid on. Oh, it was a cruel sight. The Men, quivering with pain and humiliation, were thrust in

with the rest of us. When the week was up, a mounted guard appeared to take us back to the plantation. There was no need of a guard, for the Men were so weak from starvation and so broken in spirit that they could not resist. On reaching the huts we saw a barge at the landing, and next morning when casting off the manager shoved me aboard her, telling me not to come back, that I might go to the devil. My saying what I did in court had made the planters angry. The boat was bound for Jamestown, and when we tied up, there was hardly anybody to be seen, for the fever had broken out. In the stream were ships that could not leave for want of sailors. I saw my chance to get away. Telling the captain of a schooner I could steer, he took me, and that very evening we cleared for New York. I might have stayed with the boat, but did not care to go to the West Indies, which was her next voyage. The only calling I knew and was fit for was fishing, which I followed until I had saved enough to start selling on the market.

This, put in connected form, is what, then and in subsequent conversations, Donald told. What could be done to save the Men and their families? Donald replied, If Morven had the money to redeem them he could go and settle with the agent of the planter and bring them north: seeing he had not the money, he could do nothing. If he went to see them and tried to get them away, he would be put in jail, and probably lashed.

Morven tried to find work in New York and failed. There had been many arrivals of immigrants and every shop had all the hands needed. Hearing of a chance in Albany he said he would go there Donald implored him not to leave, that he had saved enough to keep them both, but he went. On landing he went straight to the shop he had heard of and was engaged. The master had a contract for the furniture of a new hotel.

Part Two

It was new to me, working in a large shop, with a number of men. In Boston I had come in contact with few. Now, for the first time, I may say, I came to know the Americans. I admired their steady application to work, their energy and resourcefulness. When a difficulty arose they faced it until it was overcome, and they were eager to adopt new methods. They watched me at my bench to see if they had anything to learn from Boston ways, but I had much more to learn from them, and studied their quickness of hand and alertness in manner. Their talk was a disappointment. They had two subjects of never-failing interest—making money and politics. When it was not the cost of this and that, bargains and dickers, it was abuse of the British government. Nothing it did was right, and I came to realize how rife was discontent, and as I did not think as they did it was prudence for me to hold my tongue. For

the first time in my life I had more money than needs and put away all I could, for I felt, if a chance came to do anything for my People in Virginia, I must have money. I borrowed books and read at nights, practising writing too, and keeping much by myself. Time passed, and though I was doing well, I began to grow discontented. There was a lack in my daily life that I could not name yet was sensible of, a hunger for something undefinable. I yearned much for Scotland; when I thought of my home across the Atlantic, poor as it had been, tears would come. I yearned, also, for my Boston home—its mistress and her grandchild. I dwelt on the past till I was sick at heart. My present was a round of duty that did not satisfy; the talk of my comrades in the shop grated on me; the future had not a gleam of hope. I saw much I would like to do, without the slightest prospect of ever having the means to make good. I lived in dreams, accomplishing the impossible, until the dreams possessed me and I grew angry at myself in finding it so difficult to get rid of them. When the imagination rules the reason, the soul grows sick and feels it is under the control of a power that is unhealthy and breeds unhappiness. I never prayed more earnestly than I did for deliverance from my own fancies and for control of my thoughts and feelings. It was long before I came to see my possession was a form of selfishness; that whoever takes an interest in those he associates with and tries to do them good cannot be so afflicted.

WINNIPEG
PORTAGE & BALMORAL
WINNIPEG 2, MAN. CANADA

Otherwise my days passed smoothly. I sent and received messages from Donald by acquaintances visiting New York. He had heard nothing of our People. My second winter in Albany was trying. When winter set in there were many failures and business became bad. I was among those discharged from the shop and, in my idleness, came to realize how much regular daily work goes to form happiness. After that weary winter I never looked on work as something to be endured, but as a means prescribed by God for our enjoyment of life; as a duty to be performed contentedly if not gladly. The pleasantest hours of my life have been spent in what some of my fellow-workers regarded as a daily grind, which they shirked as much as they dared. The so-called gentleman of leisure knows not the true flavor of life, which comes to him who puts his heart in his toil and takes pleasure out of it. To the right-minded man or woman, to earn a livelihood by the sweat of the face is no curse: it is a benevolent provision of our Maker. The enforced idleness of that winter taught me more. I was never wasteful, but it came to me as never before, the sin of him who has little in buying what he could do without. Present gratification of even an innocent want, is not to be compared with the satisfaction felt when, some trial overtaking you, the world is faced with savings in your pocket. I had to pinch and live poorly, but had never to ask credit or seek to borrow. I maintained my independence, and to a true Scotchman that means

much. As spring came in matters improved somewhat, and I jumped at the first job I could find. My ability to do something for my People was farther away than ever.

That summer came the event of my life. I went with a companion one Sunday afternoon for a stroll along the bank of the Hudson. We met two girls whom my friend knew. I was introduced. My friend passed forward with one, I followed with the other. Both were employed in a gentleman's house, in the suburbs, that overlooked the river and we parted at its gate. Walking homewards my companion remarked, "That girl seemed to please you, Scotty, though she is neither young nor pretty." He knew not that the light of those dark eyes had revealed chambers in my soul I had never dreamt of in all my dreaming. I walked as if treading on clouds, and was lifted into an atmosphere of purity and peace through which life took on a new aspect and everything I saw had a new meaning. Time and again my eyes had feasted on the same scene, the noble expanse of water, the verdant banks, the tree-crowned slopes, the height clustered around by buildings, all bathed in the mellow haze of the departing sun, but never before did they so impress me. The prose of my life had been glorified into poetry. Next morning, on taking up work, every nail I drove strengthened my resolve to win her.

I sought the company of those whom she visited. Her mistress was strict in giving her only an even-

ing a week and Sunday afternoon, and where she went I tried to be. I saw that, no matter how many were in company, she took the lead, and all courted her approval. Her invariable good humor and kind words accounted for this in part, but there was an elevation in her character in which I saw the true explanation. The first time I could detect she showed a preference for myself gave me a thrill of delight. I did not presume upon it, for I felt I was unworthy, and continued to wait upon her, until gradually we passed from being acquaintances to be friends, and from friends to love each other. She was my superior intellectually. A farmer's daughter she had found her first place with a wealthy couple who were scions of the aristocracy of England. Contact with them had insensibly given her mind a finer tone, and, fond of reading, access to a large library enlarged her mind. She lifted me to a higher plane and fixed my loose ideas on society, politics, and religion. Opinions and convictions which I had sought, in clumsy, stumbling fashion, she had reached, so it seemed to me, by intuition. The pure in heart see truths to which the gross, however learned, are blind. We were looking forward to the time when we should have a home of our own when events happened that dashed the cup of anticipated joy from our lips.

The feeling of discontent had grown to that degree that separation from Britain was the absorbing topic of the day. In Albany the people, by a great majority, were against the British government, and

they grew more bitter daily against the Tories, for so they named those who clung to connection with the land of their fathers. When fighting started, defeats were resented on the Tories and victories made occasion of treating them with contumely. From social persecution, refusing to buy from or to give work to those suspected of sympathizing with Britain, the feeling rose to assaults on person and property—stone-throwing and smashing windows. These outrages grew worse, until it became common, when any exciting news was received, for mobs to gather at dark, who entered the houses of suspects to tender the new oath of allegiance, and, on refusal, to throw furniture into the street for a bonfire, and threaten death if they did not leave the town. To save their families and property many did take the oath. I was careful to give no offence, yet I knew I was being watched and would have gone to New York but for Miriam. Her I would not leave and she scorned the idea of flight.

One day, in early spring, in passing at noon to dinner, a boy at the door of a store on Broadway called me, saying his master, Mr Schuyler, desired speech with me. I knew the master by sight, a leading merchant of the town, with a name for grasping and cunning. Leading me to the backstore he asked me whether I knew a British spy was at the house of Miriam's master. I looked at him in surprise. "Come, come," he went on, "do not hide anything. Nobody in Albany knows where I stand. The Whigs

are coaxing me to declare for them, but I have my own opinions. Why should we leave Britain because she wants us to pay part of the cost of the war she fought to save us from the French and the Indians?"

He drew his bushy eyebrows down and leered at me, as much as to say, You see I am with you. I frankly told him I knew of no spy, that I had not been at the stonehouse for two nights. When I had, with difficulty, convinced him I was speaking the truth, he went on to tell me a gentleman had arrived at the house after dark the past evening. He had come in a rowboat and had two bags of gold. Furtively looking round to make sure no one was listening, he added. "The rebels have wind of this, and have planned to mob and rob the house this night."

I could not help an exclamation of horror. He smiled cunningly. "Ah, you realize what might happen. Now I have a plan to save the gold and your girl. You go and prepare her. When it is dark I will follow, you will give the gold into my care, and when the mob arrives they will find nobody in the house and no gold."

I was astounded. "What about the master and mistress?"

"They are not there. They left on a visit yesterday morning. There is only the stranger and your girl in the house," and he leered again at me in a way that made me hate him.

"How do you know there is gold?" I asked.

"British officers are fools—they trust anybody. The

boatman who brought him up the river is—ahem—a rebel. The officer took him for a Tory, talked frankly with him, and handed him two bags to carry into the house. The boatman knows where he laid them down—I heard him tell all about it. Oh, my dear man, it is in the house sure enough and we can have it. Two leather-bags full of gold guineas!" and he rubbed his hands together and crackled his knuckles. Giving me a nudge, he added "You'll have a share of the stuff."

I turned to leave, when he said, "Stay, it must look as if you had been in to buy something—everybody is a spy these days," and he hurriedly made up a parcel which he thrust under my arm as I left the store.

I did not go back to the shop that afternoon. My duty was to save Miriam and I set about preparing myself for leaving Albany. It was my evening to visit Miriam and I ventured on going an hour before the usual time. She was much surprised at my early coming, and more so as I quickly told her the cause, It was all true, a stranger was in the house, and had brought with him two bags of gold. She asked me to follow her and led me to the library, where I saw a man seated at a table making notes in a memorandum book. He was a noble looking fellow, with a bearing that betrayed his profession, though his clothes were the homespun of a farmer. Miriam explained the cause of our intrusion, and he grasped the situation at once. He told us he was a major in

the army and was on his way to see Sir John Johnson to arrange with him as to the part he was to take in a movement that was about to be made by an army from Canada. His instructions were to stop at the house he was in, and get the advice of its master. Unfortunately he found him from home or he would have resumed his journey that morning.

"Can I trust this merchant?" he asked.

I dared not answer for fear of misleading him, for I had no faith in Schuyler.

The major was walking up and down the room in perplexity. "Betrayed by a boatman whom I paid like a prince, and now have to place my despatches and my life at the disposal of an unknown trader." Halting before Miriam, he asked, "Young woman, what do you say? Shall I trust this shopkeeper?"

"No," she replied without a pause. "I see through his plan. If the mob gets the gold it will be divided. He has laid his plan to forestall the mob and get it all for himself."

"What of me?" said the major.

"You and your despatches will be sent to Washington. You know how he uses carriers of despatches."

"What is your advice?"

"To fly at once. There is a boat at the river bank. Morven will row you and your gold to the landing that leads to the house you were next to visit?"

"And you will go with us?"

"Never, I stay in the house my mistress left in my charge."

"No, Miriam, I know the sort of men who lead these mobs. Come with us," I cried.

Just then there was a long whistle. It was the signal the storekeeper was to give me. "Leave me to deal with him," whispered Miriam as she grasped my hand. I clasped her in my arms and again entreated her to go with me. She was resolute in refusing—her duty was to stay and try to save her master's property. The major re-entered the room. With the alertness of a soldier he was ready for the next move, and had a bag of gold under each arm. When I turned to make a last appeal to Miriam I found she had silently left. I led the way out by the back door and down the river bank to the boat. We stepped into it and I was speedily pulling out into the stream. My heart was filled with sad forebodings. My resolve was taken, on leaving the major at his destination, to hasten back to Miriam. The row took much longer and the mob gathered sooner than I counted upon. I did not know the places on the river, and twice had to stop to make inquiries, and last of all had to accompany the major to his destination, which was some distance from the river.

* * * * * *

Once sure the boat was beyond reach, Miriam opened the front door a little bit and putting out her arm waved a handkerchief. A footstep was heard and presently Schuyler appeared. "You have managed

well, Morven," he said as he stepped in. He went towards a lighted room at the end of the hall, and as he did so he heard the door closed and bolted. He stood waiting in the room for Morven, whom he supposed was securing the door. When Miriam came, he started and grew white. "Where is Morven?" he gasped.

"He had to leave, but he told me your errand. You want the British gold?"

"Hush, will we not be overheard?"

"No, speak out like a man and do not stand shaking as if you had the ague."

"In these perilous times we do not whom to trust."

"That is true."

"But I will trust you, my dear woman. You help me to get the bags and I will carry them, and you will follow me, for the house is to be mobbed?"

"What about the gentleman who brought them?"

"Leave him in his room; I will see him afterwards."

"But, sir, the bags are his."

"This is no time for talk," and lifting one of the two candlesticks, Schuyler walked to the kitchen, with the remark, "I know where the bags are." At one corner of the kitchen was a trap-door, which he raised and went down the steps into the cellar Miriam softly lowered the trap-door, pulled the wood-box on top of it and waited. She could hear the search among boxes and barrels beneath, then angry exclamations, and finally a burst of rage when, on

seeking to return to the kitchen, the searcher found the trap-door shut. He pounded it and shouted in desperation. Miriam stood by enjoying his discomfiture. "Let me out," was his command.

"You have got the bags?" she asked.

"No, you have done away with them."

"Oh, sir, look again: I will wait for you."

"They are gone, I tell you; I found the place where the boatman left them. Let me out at once or it will be worse for you, you thief."

"Oh, well, if that is what you say, I will keep you in the cellar."

The sound of fife and drum was now faintly heard. Leaving the kitchen Miriam went upstairs and stepping out on the balcony could discern a dark mass of people coming, with a few lanterns and a number of torches, headed by fifer and drummer. When the crowd, which was strangely silent as if under discipline, reached the house, a voice shouted "Halt," and a man came forward to the front door and knocked.

Miriam waited a while and then stepping out asked what was wanted. The man who had cried Halt looked upwards and told her to come down and open the door.

"For what purpose?"

"We have certain information that a spy is concealed in the house, and, as patriots, it is our duty to secure him."

"There is no spy here. There is no one in th

house save one of your own patriots who is searching for bags of gold in the cellar."

At this there was a shout, followed by a burst of laughter as one of the crowd cried "Schuyler has tried to get ahead of us."

"Open the door at once or we will burst it in."

"I dare not, sir. I was left in charge and will protect my master's property."

"No Tory can own property; your master's estate has been confiscated by the county committee. Will you open the door?"

"No."

The man stepped backward. "My lads, we have got to break in."

Miriam did not stir. Leaning over the rail of the balcony she cried, "Men, I am only a defenceless woman—have respect for me in protecting the property entrusted to my care."

The answer came in a volley of stones, which rattled against the building, smashing glass, and extorting a cry of pain from Miriam who moved inside. Axes were being wielded at the stout oaken door, when the cry was heard that entrance had been effected from behind. The door was thrown open by those who had got in by the back entrance. The torches were piled in a heap and on top of them such brushwood, seats, and railings as lay to hand, and the blaze lit up the scene. It revealed several hundred men and boys, who swarmed into the stately mansion to pick up whatever was portable, and

whose shouts and screams filled the air. In response to his pounding, Schuyler was helped out of his prison. He was in a towering rage of indignation and made straight for the leader to denounce Miriam as having stolen and concealed the gold. The result of the visits of the crowd to the wine-cellar speedily began to show. Hilarious shouts with snatches of song were heard and bottles were passed from hand to hand in drinking "Confusion to the Tories." A barrel of beer was rolled out and tapped and with loosened tongues men began to boast of what they had found and show their plunder. The holding up of a silk purse, with gold in one end and silver in the other, found in a bedroom, excited jealousy, and the cry rose for their share of the gold in the Spy's bags. The assertion of one excited citizen, that the bags had been found and were being concealed by the big men to share quietly among themselves, was believed, and a score gathered round the leader, demanding immediate payment of their share. His denials lost force from Schuyler vehemently declaring he knew the bags were in the building, and his appeal to the boatman, who was one of the crowd, and who repeated his story of carrying them into the cellar. He had looked in the place where he had left them; they were gone, and somebody (with a nod at the leader) knew who took them. The wrangling was hot when a shout from behind the house was heard, and there appeared several men, two of them supporting Miriam. "That is her," screamed Schuyler,

"she knows where the gold is." When Miriam fled from the upper balcony she passed through the house with the intention of finding refuge in a clump of evergreens that grew in the rear. One of the stones thrown had struck her squarely on the forehead. She was dazed as she fled, then came a feeling of giddiness, and she fell in a swoon. Lads searching for plunder in the outbuildings saw her prostrate, shook her, roughly assisted her to her feet, and hurried her to the front. "Young woman, tell us where the gold is." Miriam looked round on the strange scene as one waking from sleep. The demand was repeated more sternly. "There are no bags of gold in the house," she slowly answered.

"Yes there is," shouted the boatman and Schuyler, the latter adding, "Make her tell." By this time all on the lawn had gathered round the group.

"Patriots," said Schuyler, assuming the tone of a stump-speaker, "the British spy came to that house last night with two leather-bags as full of gold as they could hold. The boatman here will swear to their weight and where he left them. They never left this day, for I had, at my own cost, a man hired to watch, so that you would not be robbed of the spoil that is your right. I came myself in the evening to help him, afraid that the spy might get away in the dark, and when I forced my way into the house to arrest him this bold woman fooled me, to give the British spy time to escape with her leman, Morven, who deceived me by pretending he was for the re-

public. But the bags are in the house yet, enough to give every one of you a score of guineas apiece, maybe more. We must force her to tell."

When he stopped in his harangue Schuyler was white with passion

Excited by drink and their greed for gold, the crowd shouted approvingly and a voice cried, "Hang her, if she don't tell."

The leader looked with some degree of compassion on her as he said in persuasive tones, "You had better tell and save yourself."

Miriam with an effort roused herself. "There is no gold; it was taken by the officer when he left in the evening."

"It's a lie," shrieked Schuyler, and in his rage at being baffled out of the fortune he had been counting upon all day, he clutched the girl by her dress, tore it and shook her with all his might.

"Hands off," said the leader, "leave her to me and she will tell." He made the crowd stand off in a circle. The fire, replenished by the furniture which had been pitched out of the windows, blazed high.

"Now, my woman, I will not let anybody do you harm. You need to get away; you are faint from the bleeding of your wound which should be dressed right away, and you shall go at once, guarded by myself to the nearest neighbor, if you will only whisper in my ear where they will find the gold. Rouse yourself and tell me."

Miriam shook her head.

"We are not to be fooled, remember. You shall not leave this spot until you have told me. I am the chairman of inspection and observation and must do my duty."

Wearily Miriam lifted her head, opened her dazed eyes and gazed listlessly at the infuriated faces around her. "I have told you the truth," she said quietly yet distinctly. Curses and threats burst from the lips of men who believed a lot of gold to be within reach. "Give her a drink," said a fellow, who staggered forward with a bottle, "that will liven her up." As he attempted to push the bottle to her lips, the leader thrust him aside. He was perplexed what to do. "Unless you tell me," he whispered in her ear, "I cannot save you from these men." She made no reply. Her eyes were closed, and she was evidently praying.

The crowd had been growing larger all the while with recruits from the city. Miriam staggered and would have fallen had the leader not gripped her. With a curse on her soul, Schuyler yelled "She is shamming; make her tell," and his words "Make her tell," were repeated by the crowd. A stout fellow, in his shirt-sleeves, sprang into the circle. "I'm the Boston walloper and know how to make Tories squeal," and before the leader could stop him he swung the ox-lash he carried and brought it down on Miriam's shoulders. The crowd shouted with glee. "That'll fetch her," "Give it her again." Once more the fellow swung his lash. Involuntarily the leader

lifted his arms to save her, when Miriam fell and lay prostrate on the grass. The leader knelt beside her and felt her heart. When he at last rose, he said "She's dead."

The announcement sobered the half drunken crowd for a minute or two, but the disposition of several to disperse was arrested by the bursting out of flames from the house. The sight renewed the excitement, and careless of the dead woman on the lawn, the shouting, singing, and carousing were resumed, and continued until a voice was heard that they go and smoke out another Tory. The fife and drum struck up and the crowd straggled backward towards the town.

Half an hour later Morven appeared. He had seen the smoke as he rowed down the river but was not prepared to find it rose from the house he had so lately left. What struck him was the absence of onlookers. The falling in of the tiled roof had smothered the flames, leaving the ruins in a glow with dense smoke. Amazed, Morven carefully stepped around, watchful of being attacked, for he surmised the deed was that of the Tories. He saw no one. Walking more boldly he crossed in front of the house, when he saw a heap that looked like the body of a woman on the lawn. He turned it over, parted the mass of black hair that covered the face, and with a piercing cry of "My God!" raised the limp body in his arms. "She cannot be dead—there is warmth yet," and tenderly laying his burden on the grass,

he clasped her hands and called her name. A flickering flame shone on her face. He could no longer deceive himself, the stony impress of Death was on the features he had doted upon. Lost in wonder as to how she had died, blaming himself for leaving her, he gave way to his sense of loss—that she who had been the light of his life, his inspiration and joy, whom he had left a few hours ago in the bloom of life, was now the senseless clod he pressed to his heart. Kneeling on his right knee he lifted the body against his left and clasping it gave way to his agony of spirit.

"Please, sir," said a timid voice. Raising his head he saw the little boy who helped in the kitchen. Eagerly Morven questioned him, and he told how all had happened. He had been in the house when Schuyler came, and, sitting in the darkness, had heard all that had passed, seen the crowd approach, repeated what Miriam said while standing on the balcony, and saw the stone strike her, her flight to the rear of the house, the discovery of her lying insensible in the yard, her treatment by the mob, her death. As, bit by bit, Morven got the facts out of the boy, his indignation rose. A cheer in the distance made him start to his feet, and he could make out the crowd massed round a burning house. "Oh for a claymore and fifty clansmen at my back, and I would smite you as murderers deserve. Cowards, to kill a woman!" He paused. In a moment the consciousness of his loss returned, and sinking beside the body he

stroked her face. "Forgive me, Miriam, you were just and forgiving and loved not hate and bloodshed," and again, with convulsive throbs that shook his huge frame, gave way to his sorrow. It was Tim who roused him. "Please, sir, I see men coming." The sound of fife and drum told the crowd were marching back to the town, and the stragglers Tim saw were a few men seeking their homes by the river. With an effort Morven recovered his self-possession. He saw he could not remain to be discovered by those who had taken part in the night's work. He felt it would be folly to go back to Albany, for he had done enough in aiding the major to escape to cause the forfeiture of his liberty, if not of his life. Was he to leave the body to be buried by her murderers? Never, he said to himself, shall a hand of theirs touch it. Reverently lifting it he carried it to the thicket of evergreens behind the house. The eastern sky was beginning to whiten and the crescent of the dying moon shed a ghastly light. Tim knew where the tools were kept and fetched a pick and shovel. Selecting the hollow of an old runlet he dug a grave. The sun was high by the time it was completed. The pine needles Tim had raked together were strewn over the bottom.

On Morven's lifting the body to lay it in its rude bed an agony of pain shot through his bosom that was like to choke him, and the memory of which he ne'er forgot. When he had mastered his feelings he laid the body in its last resting-place, folding the

hands and closing the eyes which had so often glanced upon him. Tim had brought a posey of spring flowers from the garden and it was laid on her breast. Over all pine-needles were showered. Morven grasped the shovel to fill the grave, when the consciousness of something wanting swept on his memory. Was there to be no word of prayer? Was not God the father of the spirit that had gone to him; had Morven, in his grief, not been selfish and forgotten his God? Awed by the feeling that he was in the presence not of Death alone but of Him who is the resurrection and the life, Morven fell on his knees at the head of the grave and in Gaelic poured out his soul, recalling all the benefits he had received, his thanks for the love of the woman whose body he was committing to the dust, his hope that they would be reunited where there is no parting, his entreaties that consolation be bestowed on her parents, her brothers and sisters, his cry for help to enable him to do his duty in the years before him, and then there was an inward struggle—would he pray for her murderers? What would she have done in my place? he asked, and then slowly, weighing each word, he prayed that God would bring those who had taken Miriam's life to a sense of their sin and forgive them as he strove to forgive them for her sweet sake. He stood up a changed man, calm and resolute. The grave was filled, and forest litter gathered to fill the hollow in the ground so that its existence could not be detected. When Tim returned from bestowing the tools where

they belonged, Morven said he must be hungry and asked him where he meant to go—he would give him money to find a new place. Tim entreated to go with him. He was a waif picked up in New York, had no friends, had never anybody to love him until he knew Miriam. Morven could not refuse. "Joey too?" queried the boy.

"Who is Joey?"

The boy loosened his jacket and the white head of a rabbit peeped out. Morven nodded assent, and seeking the river bank found the boat. They got in and Morven pulled toward the other shore.

Part Three

They spent the day at a roadside tavern. After breakfast Tim fell asleep. Morven was too agitated to either eat or sleep, and passed the day thinking over the events of the past night and trying to devise some plan for the rescue of the people in Virginia. Next morning they started for the home of Miriam's parents and stayed several days. Tim became attached to one of the sisters and when Morven left he willingly stayed behind. Morven's intention was to go to the residence of Sir John Johnson, in the expectation of finding the major there. As he neared his destination he was startled by an Indian appearing and motioning him to stop. The Indian, who spoke English, asked him his business in coming on the property of Sir John. On being told, the Indian admitted the major had not left, and calling another redman, who was lurking in the bush, spoke to him in their own tongue. Pulling Morven's sleeve he led the way. Presently above the trees a spacious mansion appeared, which, as they advanced, was seen to be protected by palisades flanked with blockhouses. Given sufficient men to defend it, the place was impregnable to any foe without artillery. Seated on

the veranda Morven recognized the major in conversation with a man whom he assumed to be the son of the renowned Sir William, and who stepped forward to meet them. The Indian, in guttural speech, told how the visitor had come. Sir John, who spoke Mohawk perfectly, replied, and was about to question Morven when the major came up, and grasping his hand, introduced him as his protector when in danger. Given a seat beside them, Morven told his story. The major was distressed on hearing of the death of Miriam, blaming himself and what he called "the cursed gold," as the cause. "We do not fully recognize the crisis we are approaching," said Sir John, who was an exceedingly fluent speaker, "the contest that has begun is not political, it is one of covetousness. True, political reasons are given, but the actual motive of nineteen out of every twenty who are denouncing Britain is the prospect of enriching themselves by robbing their opponents. The farmers of Massachusetts, unable longer to get a living out of their granite hills, are swarming into New York, and other more fertile provinces, and acquire farms by denouncing their owners as Tories. Merchants in towns and cities are having their property forfeited by so-called patriots under color of legal process. The wealthiest men in Philadelphia are today fleeing abroad for their lives, abandoning everything. Should the British forces not hold New York, its best people will be in the same position. 'You're a Tory; surrender what you own and get out,' is the language

applied to thousands whose only crime is they will not join in a movement to sever connection with Britain. This is the reason why the rebellion has so many in its favor."

Sir John paused, and Morven took the opportunity to tell of his companions in Virginia and ask his advice as to the possibility of rescuing them. On learning they were Highlanders Sir John became interested. "Get them out of the clutches of the villain who holds them, and who, I doubt not, prates about freedom, and I will give them farms. I have scores of Highlanders on my estate, and they are loyal to a man."

A discussion ensued as to how best to get them free and convey them to New York, which was ended by a gong sounding for dinner. Morven stayed over a fortnight, visiting the settlers on the Johnson lands, and seeing the lots offered him. Of even greater interest than his visits to the Highland families, was what he saw of the Indian villages. Sir John lived like a chieftain of the past, with hundreds of stalwart warriors ready at his call to follow him to the field, the difference being that his clansmen were painted Indians, over whom he exercised paramount influence and who unreservedly obeyed him. The week before his visit ended, there was a review, preparatory to their taking the field. The redmen, who despised the drill and tactics of the whites, came on as if they were on the warpath, in single file, and formed a line that seemed to Morven to be endless.

They did not march, but had the loping step they assume when stealing through the bush, and as he marked their lithe, sinewy forms, he saw how much better they were adapted for warfare in a wooded country than the stiff, belted redcoats, and understood the success of the French in the late war who had discarded European systems and adopted the methods of the natives. A musket, a tomahawk, and a knife formed the arms of each. Morven's heart thrilled as he heard at a distance the playing of a piper, but had to wait until the last of the Indians passed, when a compact body of Sir John's white settlers came in sight, marching four abreast. They had no uniforms or arms. The rear was brought up by a score of mounted men—the heads of the estate. After going through a few simple movements, they massed in front of Sir John, who was on horseback, attended by the major. Addressing the Indians in their own language he quickly changed their stolid bearing into enthusiasm, carrying them with him and extorting shouts of approval. Their chief, the celebrated Brant, followed, and altho' Morven understood not a word he said, he caught the drift of his sonorous oration from his gesticulations, for his meaning was pictured in his attitudes. To the whites under arms, Sir John said they were to hold themselves ready to take the field at a day's notice, for he knew not when a despatch would reach him to join the king's forces, which were on the march from Canada.

Before starting from Johnson hall, Sir John asked Morven to call on the commandant of the garrison at New York and acquaint him with what he saw and also of the condition of affairs at Albany. "If anything," he remarked, "will spur Lord Howe to energetic action it is such a tale as you have to tell." The major, before he left for Oswego, had handed him a letter to the commandant of the New York garrison and insisted on his taking ten guineas to aid in the rescue of his friends in Virginia.

In a more hopeful state of mind than he had known for a month, Morven started on his journey to New York, which he trusted would lead to Virginia. He had not gone over a mile, when from the top of a hill the road traversed he saw a cloud of dust approaching, caused, he knew, by a troop of cavalry. Making for the bush he scrambled up a higher hill for a better view, and could see the horsemen were the advance-guard of a little army. That it was a revolutionary force he knew, and its object could be none other than to entrap Sir John and his followers. It must have been assembled secretly and moved quickly, for he had left Sir John in full security, and unconscious of danger. He decided instantly that he would return and give the alarm. With speed acquired on his native hills Morven sped onwards and bursting into the assembled household told what he saw. With composure Sir John gave his orders, sent out the few Indians who were available to act as skirmishers and made provision for his

own flight. Messengers were hurried away to warn as many of his followers as they could reach to get ready for the field, naming a rallying-place where they were to assemble and where he would meet them. His orders were being obeyed when rifle-shots were heard. "There go my faithful Mohawks—ever ready and ever true. Their skirmishing fire will show the enemy they have failed in their plan of taking me by surprise, cause them to concentrate their force and make preparation for resistance. That will take time, and give us a few hours. Had they come the day I had the muster, I would have faced them: all that can be done now is cheat them of making me prisoner and put part of the plunder they are counting upon out of the way."

The bustle and confusion were at their height when an Indian rushed into the hall with the news that the enemy were coming and would be in sight in a few minutes. Sir John buckled on his sword, assumed his feathered hat, and turned to bid farewell to his wife. She clung to him with all the ardor of true affection. "Keep up your courage, Mary, I will soon return," he whispered. She shook her head. "We may meet again but never here: you know those men will burn our home." Tearing himself away Sir John and his few followers disappeared.

Hoping to be of some service, Morven had waited to assist Lady Johnson. Sir John had entrusted to him the concealment of the silver-plate. Causing a deep hole to be dug, the box, into which the silver

had been thrust, was lowered, covered with earth, and then had the heaviest articles available piled upon it. The sound of musketry, which had been intermittent for an hour, now came nearer. The Indians, as they fell back, fired upon the advancing column, which replied by sending a hot fire into the bush where its unseen assailants lurked. Arriving at the clearance, on which Johnson hall stood, the Republican horsemen galloped rapidly towards it and soon had it surrounded. Dismounting a party entered the house and searched every room. Sir John was nowhere to be seen. Coming into the drawing-room, where Lady Johnson with her maids had gathered, the officer demanded she tell where her husband was concealed. With dignity the young wife (she had been married only three years) answered, "My husband is not a fox to seek concealment at the approach of danger. He has left for Canada to join the approaching army of his King."

The officer, angry at the failure of his expedition in its main purpose, to arrest Sir John, sharply said, "Then, if we cannot carry him back to Albany jail, we shall take you. You are our prisoner."

"What! Do you make war on women?"

"When they connive to defeat the purpose of the army of patriots they have to be disciplined."

"I ask no favor at the hands of such patriots. I am ready to go to prison or to the scaffold for my King."

Ordering her to be removed to the lawn, the com-

mander gave the hall up to be plundered by his followers. In a moment all was confusion, every room crowded with rapacious men. In the midst of the disorder an officer appeared. "Colonel Dayton, there is not a bit of plate or jewelery to be found."

"Is that so, then we shall learn where it is hid."

Advancing towards Lady Johnson he demanded to know where the valuables were concealed. She smiled and said she did not know. The colonel insisted. "Why, you are unreasonable; you do not expect me to assist in robbing my own house?"

"Ten gold pieces to any of you women who will tell," he shouted to the maids who cowered round their mistress. They shook their heads. When the hall was stripped of everything of value that could be found, and the plunder covered the lawn, fire was set to it. As the flames wreathed upwards the colonel remarked it would never conceal another traitor—one Tory nest had been destroyed. While the main body remained to carry out their orders to burn the houses of Sir John's tenants, a small party left for Albany, taking Lady Johnson, who was kept a prisoner there for six months.

Morven, who had watched the destruction of the hall from the adjoining bush, was joined by an Indian, whom he had met frequently and knew only by the name of John Blanket. "Come, can do no more here," and following him Morven was led through the woods to a comfortable log-house, the home of the Indian's parents. He was hospitably received

and as he watched their domestic life he was impressed, as he had been repeatedly during his visit, with the difference between the saturnine and relentless ferocity of the Indian on the war-path, and the kindliness and affection that marks their home-life. All eyes were turned in the direction of Johnson hall and as the smoke from it grew less fresh columns burst forth from different points near it. "They are burning out the Highlanders," said John Blanket.

"Where will they and their families go?" asked Morven.

"The men are away by this time to join Sir John —the women and children will have to suffer."

"God help them," said Morven, "this is dreadful. Burning the homes of the kindly people I visited last week."

Blanket shook his head. "The Yankees will pay for this. Sir John will come back and have his revenge."

All night the sky was lit up for miles by the fires from scores of farms, everything that would burn having the torch set to it.

Morven's talk with this intelligent Indian, who had attended school when a boy, was not all about what was happening. He told him of his friends in Virginia and of what he had arranged with Sir John Johnson about getting lots of land for them, and how this irruption of the enemy made the contract useless. In the morning Morven was preparing to resume his journey to New York.

"Come with me," said Blanket, as he took his own rifle and handed Morven another. As they tramped together Morven was repeatedly called on to take note of the landmarks. The path chosen led over much rough land, until, gaining the top of a hill, they came in sight of a vale, which ran northwards. Apparently, at some distant period, the bed of a lake, of which a brook was the only remnant, there was a stretch of flat land between it and the heights which bounded the valley. In the far distance there was the glimmer of a lake. "How would this do?" asked the Indian.

Morven gazed long and keenly at the scene. Nothing better could be desired for the settlement he had fondly hoped for. "Who owns this?" he at length asked.

"The widow of our old white chief; you can see her."

Descending the hill, Morven traversed the valley and he found it even better than he expected. The bush was composed of large trees, so widely set apart that a wagon could drive between them, while the banks of the brook were grassy. That the soil was rich the size of the trees indicated. The Indian pointed out that, from its sequestered situation, lying north of the Mohawk valley and on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, the Whigs would not be apt to trouble them unless they gave special offence. The next day Morven sought out the owner, who was as remarkable in intellect and character as her brother, Chief Brant. Sir William Johnson had married her

as his second wife, and, despite her origin, she did credit to his high position. She received Morven's proposal favorably. "You know," she said, "what is mine today may not be tomorrow, but the land is at your service, and I shall be glad to have Highlanders as my tenants." Morven saw the danger, yet how could he better himself? Where could he go to find homes for the people whom he hoped to rescue where they would be safe from the partizans of the revolution? The picture of that little valley possessed his imagination, and to it he was resolved he should lead his people. He thanked her ladyship, and accepted her offer.

Strong in the faith that a way would open to enable him to accomplish his purpose he set out for New York. That New York was in the hands of the British he took for granted, as the movements of Lord Howe on Long Island could have no other end, but as he went on his way he learned differently, and willingly tarried wherever he could find work. Assuming the character of a carpenter looking for employment he escaped suspicion. Twice he was held by committees of vigilance, whom he satisfied by his straightforward story—that he was going to the seaboard to seek for friends. Staying a week here and a fortnight there he saw much of what was going on of the persecution of those who would not fall in with the revolution. One night never left his memory, that of the richest man of the village he was staying in, taken out of his bed, coated with tar and

feathers, and borne on a rail up the main-street crowded with people who cheered and jested. Following the old man was a girl, his grandchild, crying, amid her sobs, to let grandpa go. The crime of the old man was his sending a letter to his daughter in New York, in which he had made some uncomplimentary remarks about his Whig neighbors. The letter, by the faithlessness of its carrier, had got into the hands of the committee.

When he heard the American troops had left New York Morven pushed on without delay. The bad news they had received had relaxed the vigilance of the Republican outposts, and he had no difficulty in reaching the British lines. Once within them he was forwarded with all speed to headquarters as a supposed bearer of despatches. It was late in the day when he got to New York, but being still light he went direct to the commandant's residence, and sent in his letter. The secretary came downstairs and told Morven the general could not see him, as he was preparing to attend a ball. Returning next day at the hour set by the secretary Morven found a number of people waiting to see the general. They were kept so long that several grew tired and left, their places being taken by others. It was wearing into the afternoon when the secretary opened the door and beckoned to Morven, whom he led into a spacious room.

The general, in full uniform, was seated at the table gazing out of a window at the movements of a troop of cavalry.

"This is the man who has come from Sir John Johnson with a letter asking that you see him as he can give valuable information of what is going on in the Albany district."

Without turning his head, the general petulantly asked, "What has the fellow to say?"

"Both Sir John and your messenger, the major, have sent by me several messages they considered of value."

The general turned and stared at him. "Ha, a civilian. Fellow, do you not know that you should only speak when I address you?"

"Sir," was Morven's reply," "I know naught about military etiquette, but I have much information that it is in the King's interest his officers should know, and I also wish to beg help to rescue certain of his subjects held as slaves on the Potomac."

With a contemptuous shrug the general turned to his secretary. "Strainer, what is the Potomac?"

"It is a river."

"River! ah, refer the fellow to the admiral."

At that moment a servant announced his horse was waiting at the door, when the general put on his cocked hat and stalked out. A minute later, Morven, looking out on the street, saw him mount his horse, his aides fall in, and the troop of cavalry gallop after as his escort. The secretary went on writing. "Here," he said, "is a letter to the port-captain, who may be able to do something for your friends in Virginia."

Grasping the big letter Morven left. Donald Bane was waiting for him on the street. "What did the general do?" he asked. Morven was too indignant at his reception to answer. They walked straight to the office of the port-captain. An old sailor, who acted as orderly, on receiving the letter, led them directly into his presence. The captain was in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a long clay pipe. On observing Donald's empty sleeve, a kindly look relaxed his stern face, and he motioned to the orderly to give them chairs. After glancing over the letter, he questioned his visitors until he understood how matters stood and then abruptly asked,

"What do you want me to do?"

"To instruct the captains of the cruisers off the Virginia capes to give them passage to New York."

"What benefit would that be, seeing these people are far up the river where no ship-of-war can go?"

"We will see to getting them down to the mouth of the Potomac if you promise a cruiser will be in waiting."

"I will have to see Strainer before I can promise."

Taking the address of Donald, he told them he would send word in a few days. Early on the third day the orderly knocked at their door, and said that the captain was waiting to see them before he went to breakfast. "His majesty's ships along the coast are doing a good deal to help fleeing loyalists to save their lives from the rebels," said the captain as they hurried into the office. "However, none are near

Chesapeake bay at present. A yacht with despatches for our friends in Virginia and Carolina is going to sail at noon today, and if big enough to hold your friends she could receive them."

Morven expressed his thanks and the captain said his orderly would see them sent on board. Donald was overjoyed until he saw the yacht, when he whispered Morven, she was too small to hold half of their party.

"Hush," replied Morven, "say nothing; it is a last chance."

On the evening of the second day the yacht was off Cape Charles. "How do you want landed?" asked the skipper. "If I send you ashore in a boat rowed by blue jackets, the rebels may put you in jail as spies."

"We must run the risk," answered Morven, and so next day, the yacht being well into the river, Donald and Morven were put ashore at a lonely spot, out of sight of all houses. On striking a road they thought they had escaped being seen. In this they were mistaken, for from the moment the yacht was sighted she had been watched, and a party was hurriedly made up to arrest the two men they saw landed, and into whose ranks Donald and Morven walked. Taken to a little village, whose chief building was a combined store and tavern, they were searched, nothing being found except their money, and then questioned. Morven gave the name of the yacht and of her skipper. Knowing she was coming this way, he had

asked for passage for himself and his companion. They agreed his story was a fair-sounding one, but they did not know anything about him, when Morven remarked that one of them had met him before. "Don't you remember the young man who came to you with a letter when your ship, the Jasper Daggett, was lying off Boston light?" he asked his chief questioner. The man started, looked closely, and recognized Morven.

"I do: you brought a letter that changed my port and got me a return cargo."

"And do you not remember my asking if your ship ever went into the Potomac, and telling you I had friends there I would like to find."

"To be sure I do, and my getting you into the tavern and telling them to give you a hot supper, for you were cold. It is all right; you are no spy."

Released Donald went and found a schooner was loading at the landing for the upper Potomac and expected to be ready next day. When she sailed, both Donald and Morven were on board. As knowing the ground, Morven left his friend to make arrangements. They were simple. He was going to land Morven a mile or so below the place where the Men and their families dwelt, and he was to arrange for their stealing away on the barge which Donald, who would go ahead, expected to hire.

The winds were not favorable and the sail took longer than they counted on. At break-of-day Morven was awakened by Donald telling him to get ready.

The boat had no cargo for a landing they were approaching and nobody was to be seen. Going close enough for him to leap, Morven went on shore and sought the cover of the scrubby bush. Cautiously stepping he made his way upwards until he came to a large clearance and recognized the place Donald had described. He saw the row of huts that sheltered the Men and their children, watched their coming out, and, finally, when a bell rang, men and boys trooping off to their day's work. Some he recognized, but so terribly changed that he shuddered. To get unobserved to the huts to reveal his presence and errand perplexed him, for they were in full view of the manager's residence and he would be seen if he dared to approach them. He watched for an opportunity all forenoon but none presented itself. Women and children moved about, none, however, straying his way. In the middle of the day the heat grew overpowering, and everybody disappeared indoors. He saw a slave-girl come out of the manager's house, close the one or two shutters that had been left open for light and then draw the door after her. He waited until he felt sure all were enjoying their mid-day nap. Creeping, at times crawling, along the river bank, availing himself of whatever cover there was, he gained the hut nearest the river. Door and window were closed to keep out the heat. Lifting the latch he quietly stepped in. "Is that you, my dear child?" asked a voice in Gaelic. Dazzled by the sunshine he had left Morven could not see at

first. When he did he saw an old woman seated beside the bed, and recognized her. "Auntie McNeish, don't you see who I am?"

"See! I have not seen a face for four years. Come near, and let me feel you."

She passed her hands gently over Morven's face. "The voice sounded like that of a lad I knew well, but this is the face of a big man. I know you not."

"People grow old, auntie. The lad you knew may be grown a man. Who was the lad?"

"Morven, who was cruelly treated and who we all believed died."

"No, auntie, he did not die. I am he, and I am come to save you all."

Astonished she sank back in her chair, then clasping her hands and raising her sightless eyes, Morven heard her pouring out thanks to God. "Long have I waited for this hour and now, when Salvation has come to those I love, I am ready to join those who await me beyond the grave."

"Nay," replied Morven, "you shall live to walk from the house of bondage." He then quickly told her of his plan. She was to tell the Men when they returned for the night of his presence, and to gather in her house an hour after dark, when he would meet them. "Must you go so soon?" she asked as she heard him rise. "If I was discovered all would be lost."

"I know you are Morven, but there is a new generation who doubt everybody, and they have had

sorrowful reason to do so. Have you no token that will convince those who doubt you? Our people, often deceived, are full of evil suspicions."

Morven pulled from his breast a book. "Do you know that?" She felt it, she opened it, she smelt it. "It is fragrant with peat-reek and with the memory of the saint who owned it; I know it, this is the psalm-book the minister gave you. Often did I handle it on the ship as the last link of the chain that had been broken. This book is proof enough."

"Do you not grow weary sitting here all alone?"

"Alone! you do not know what you say. I am never alone. My mind goes back to Scotland and I recall everything that happened to me from childhood. All my old friends and those who were dearer to me than friends, come trooping round me. I hear the sounding waves, I feel the caller breeze on my cheeks, I hear the peesweep on the muir, and the skirlin of Sandy's pipes ayont the hill. Then, whiles I am sitting in the kirk, seeing all the folk, and hearing the minister give out the psalm. And when these fade and are gone in the gloaming, my Saviour comes, and oh the comfortable hours I spend with him. I am poor and useless, am like seaweed the tide of time leaves to dry and rot on the shore, but Christ does not despise me and he is the comfort of my life."

"Do you never think over what has happened since you came to America?"

"Hush, God forbid! What has our life here been save sorrow and trials beyond belief?'

Pressing her hand Morven left as cautiously as he had come, and regained his place of concealment. He watched if his visit had been discovered, and was satisfied it had not when he saw the inmates begin to move again about the manager's house.

The evening star had set before Morven started. Altho a dark night he moved as carefully as before. On gaining the house, the door opened to let him in, and his hand was grasped. The interior was so intensely dark he could see nothing, though sensible the room was crowded. In a low voice he told of the plan Donald and he had formed for their escape, and asked if they were ready. The conversation so far had been subdued, but at that question the eagerness of the response, that they were, was startling. Morven told them the success of the plan depended on their being prompt and secret. They were to be ready to move the following night —the inmates of each hut to walk out with their little belongings when the barge reached the landing. There must be no lights and no noise. A voice came from the darkness, "What about the bloodhounds?" and another voice replied the young men would look to them. Morven stole away to his place of concealment, leaving the Men to complete arrangements.

The next day all went as before, the men to work in the fields, the women and children clustering round the huts. Not a sign was given to arouse suspicion, but hope glowed in every heart. Donald had gone to a landing a few miles farther up the river, where

boats tied up when nights were dark or stormy, confident he could hire one that would call. When the sun set nobody went to bed, all remained in their huts waiting for the boat. Morven came, and spoke with the Men in the dark, and a lookout was sent to watch for the boat. He was told the hounds that nightly roamed round the buildings had been caught by looped ropes thrown over their necks and their throats cut while choking. It had been done without a single yell. There had been no light in the overseer's house for quite a while. The night grew chill and a thin mist swept from the river. It was a weary wait before a young man came with the word they could make out the coming boat. It was being poled, and was silently brought alongside the landing. Then from each hut glided the people, who, without word or sign, made for the barge and got aboard. The two young men named to wait ashore to the last, and go through each house to find that no one was forgotten, came aboard, saying none were left. The ropes were cast-off and the boat moved into the current. The sweeps were got out, and men tugged at them as became men venturing their lives to be free. When the night was drawing to the end, and it grew light enough to recognize one another, Donald, who stood by the helm was hugged, and had his one arm nearly pulled out of joint with the heartiness of those who wrung his hand. They were a sorry looking lot of people, in rags and the slave-mark of utter hopelessness stamped on their faces.

They told how when the Men came back from prison they had brought the infection of yellow-fever, and had it not been that frost came one night they would have all perished, for in three days seven died. On the rebellion breaking out a change was made in their treatment. The young men were often asked to join the army, but not one would enlist. Said one of the Men, "We were proud it was so, though we dared not say so. We had no cause to love King George or any other German king but we would not help the enemies of Old Scotland in seeking separation from the land we loved, and we despised the men who were talking so loudly about independence who yet held us in bondage. One recruiting-sergeant brought with him a keg of whiskey, which he opened in the overseer's kitchen and invited us all to come in and have a drink, but none went. We had cause to hate rum: it had led us into slavery."

What most impressed Morven was the number who spoke English and the change in the young people—those whom he had known as boys now men and girls women. Among the old he missed many, mostly of the men. Their joy over their escape knew no bounds and to the difficulties of the future, which weighed on Morven's spirits, they gave not a thought. On one point he had no misgiving, they could not be overtaken. He knew pursuit by the river was hopeless, but there was a possibility of a rider going across country reaching a lower port in time to secure a boat to intercept them. As the sun increased in strength

a breeze sprung up, sails were hoisted, and that danger every hour grew less, for the boat made good speed. The arrangement he had made with the captain of the yacht was, on the sixth day, to sail up the river and keep on until he met them. This was the sixth day and Morven had no doubt he was now beating up the Potomac. The day passed without her coming in sight, and towards nightfall the breeze that had helped them so well died away, and, later on, gave place to one from the east. The anchor had to be dropped, and the coming of the yacht awaited. It was late in the night before a green light was sighted, when a lantern at the end of a pole was swung from the barge. So guided, the yacht steered alongside and the People, who had been eagerly waiting, before she was lashed, clambered into her. The skipper was surprised at their number, for they more than filled his deck, so that the hatches had to be lifted and women and children crowded into the hold. With the ebbing tide the barge drifted down stream, for her destination was the mouth of James river, while the yacht remained at anchor. During the night the breeze fell and a dead calm followed. With sunrise a light breeze sprang up, the anchor was heaved, and the yacht ran quickly down the river.

In due course they reached Chesapeake bay and headed for the gap. Morven was pleased to see everything going so well when the skipper motioned him to come aft. "You see that brig ahead?" he asked. Morven nodded. "Well, I'm afraid she's up to

mischief. Were she what she looks, an honest merchantman, she would take this wind to carry her to Baltimore. Instead, she has kept dodging back and forth as if waiting till we come up, and always keeping the windward side."

"There is no war outside the colonies," answered Morven, "so she cannot be from over the sea. She may want to speak us."

"There are French and Spanish captains who do not need the authority of a declaration of war to seize vessels smaller than themselves. If she prove to be a privateer can we rely on your crowd to fight?"

"Yes, not a man but will die rather than go back to slavery."

"All right, we leave you to do with them as you can, and give you the few cutlasses we have on board. My mate and I will stay here, and with our muskets pick off the men round the helm. The five sailors will be needed to look to the sails."

Morven determined on his plan. The women and children were told to get into the hold and stay there. The Men, they were, alas, now few, were posted behind the deck-house with the order to take care of boarders. The young men were got in line behind the weather bulwark to follow Morven. Both were cautioned to keep concealed, so that the crew of the brig would not suspect there were more than the small crew they saw pulling at the ropes. The yacht held on her course, while the brig made a short tack to keep the weather-guage. On wearing

she was nearly abreast, when she came down on the yacht with foaming bows, clewing her sails to reduce her speed. In her fore-rigging about half-a-dozen sailors were clinging ready to jump aboard the yacht. A port dropped and a cannon sent a ball across the bows of the yacht, when her captain shouted to let go her mainsail, and she came up in the wind. Down swooped the brig, and as her side grated boarding irons were thrown and the sailors in the rigging sprang to her deck. They were instantly grappled by the Men. At the same, time Morven with a shout leaped on the brig, with his youthful followers. The men who had remained on the brig were unprepared for attack, and, in their astonishment, threw up their hands for quarter. While this was passing the muskets of the skipper and mate rang out in quick succession, and when Morven rushed aft, he saw the bodies of three men lying on the little quarter-deck, one that of the steersman. It was all over in five minutes. The skipper of the yacht joined him to examine the prize. The brig was seen to be armed with six carronades. The crew were French, and the only one who could speak English was the cook, a darkey from Jamaica. He said he had joined from a prize the ship had captured off Savannah That man, pointing to one of the corpses, is an American, and it was he who fitted out the ship as a privateer. The crew were told he had a commission from the United States congress, and, if captured, they would be treated as prisoners-of-war and not as pirates.

They had in a week taken two British merchant vessels, which were sent back as prizes, which accounted for the smallness of the crew. The yacht they looked on as easy prey and had not prepared for fight. The skipper issued his orders rapidly. The People whom he had as passengers would be placed on the brig, with his boatswain in charge, while he would make all sail for New York, where he was overdue. He hesitated over what he should do with the crew of the brig. To take them with him was out of the question, to leave them on the brig might lead to her recapture. "What would you do, Morven?"

"I would give them their long boat and send them ashore."

"Better than they deserve, but the best that can be done. If taken to New York they would be hanged as pirates."

The longboat was got into the water and the Frenchmen eagerly jumped into her, glad to escape with their lives. The black cook remained. Staying only long enough to make a hurried search of the cabin of the brig, the skipper returned to the yacht with the log-book and what money and papers he had found. Getting under way the yacht speedily passed the capes. When the people were disposed of in their new quarters, Morven turned to placing the brig in order, and faced the unwelcome duty of getting rid of the corpses. Donald was told to see them rolled in canvas and dropped in the sea. Before it

became dark the brig had cleared the bay and was steering north for New York.

The capture of the brig struck Morven as a windfall that solved the difficulty that had been perplexing him for weeks, where the money was to come from to convey the People when they got to New York to the valley that was waiting for them. His first expectation was, that the commander of the forces at New York would see to that, but his reception by him had dashed that plan. The brig was valuable, she would fetch a good price, and the Men would be entitled to a share of it. He went to his bunk happy that so unexpected a way had been found out of the difficulty, and in that he rested secure.

On entering New York harbor many ships of war and transports were found, and the brig anchored at the place signalled to her. On stepping ashore, Morven made for the port-captain's office. On the gallery in front of it he found the captain seated with a number of officers surveying the vessels that were lying in the harbor before them, among them the brig. Morven was warmly welcomed and complimented on the part he played in the capture of the brig, for the yacht had arrived ahead by a day and her skipper told what had happened. "A tidy boat," remarked the port-captain, "that will be useful for coast service."

Morven told the captain of the people on board, how they were destitute, lacking even clothes, that

there were no means to convey them to the lands secured for them, so that immediate payment of their share of prize-money was needed. The captain replied there was no prize-money coming to them, and was sorry for it; only those enlisted in the King's service were entitled to prize-money.

"That cannot be so in this case," urged Morven, "We not only captured the brig, but saved the yacht. Surely something is due us for such service."

"By rights you ought to get a share; but there are the King's regulations and there is no getting round them. The prize-money of the brig goes to the crew of the yacht."

The other officers confirmed this. Morven left, perplexed and sick-at-heart. He walked the streets, angry at the injustice done his People, and thinking what next he should do. The chimes of Trinity warned him the day was wearing on and he turned down a lane which he knew must take him to the harbor. As he walked along there came out of a drinking-place a number of soldiers. Linking arms they filled the width of the lane and drove the people who were on it before them. On they came, shouting and singing. Morven was in no mood to give way to them, and, instead of retracing his steps to Broadway, kept right on, and presently was face to face with the line of swaggering redcoats. Disregarding the shout of one of their number, "Turn back—the King's soldiers hold the highway," he stood for them to open their line to let him pass. The soldier

nearest him caught Morven by the collar and tried to pull him down. On the impulse of the moment, Morven caught him, pitched him aside, and walked on. Another soldier ran after him with clenched fists and shouting he was a damned colonial, out of whom he would punch the treason. In a flash Morven had him by the shoulders and left him sprawling on the road. His comrades, too tipsy to make haste to catch him, contented themselves with sending after him curses and derisive cries.

On reaching the landing-place, Morven found no boat to take him to the brig and sat down until one should appear. While waiting, somebody touched his arm and turning he saw a man in a blue coat with brass buttons. "You are my prisoner" said the man.

"For what?" asked Morven in astonishment.

"For assaulting the King's servants. Follow me—if you make trouble I shall call help."

Morven walked beside the man to a house near the Battery. Entering they came into a large room, with a magistrate seated at one end listening to evidence against a ragged fellow evidently charged with disorderly conduct while drunk. He was quickly disposed of, and the magistrate asked, "Anything more today?"

"Yes, your honor, I have a prisoner here guilty of assaulting the King's soldiers. As I saw him commit the deed there was no need of a warrant," and he went on to describe Morven's conduct in the lane.

The magistrate turned to Morven. "In these days of rebellion, disrespect towards the King's soldiers is a most serious offence, and to preserve the peace of the town has to be severely dealt with. What have you to say for yourself?"

Morven related how he was walking down the lane, when the soldiers blocked his passage, and one of them laid violent hands upon him, as his coat, shirt, and tie would show. In self-defence he had pushed him down and went on his way. Another soldier followed to strike him, when he again had to defend himself. All the soldiers had been drinking and were a menace to the King's subjects."

"Do you claim to be a loyalist?"

"I do," answered Morven, "and have suffered much at the hands of the Whigs."

"What proof can you give of your principles?"

Morven gave the name of the port-captain. The magistrate was perplexed. "The soldiers being drunk, as you allege, is no excuse for your assaulting them. The King's uniform must be respected and by your own admission you insulted it. However, as you allege yourself to be a loyalist I shall remand you until tomorrow to permit of enquiry."

To Morven's remonstrance that his presence was required at once on board a ship, the magistrate answered by leaving the bench, and the officer, who had never left his side, took hold of him and led him into a room where he was searched, and then taken to a cell, so abominably filthy that he dare not sit,

much less lie down. The hours crept on, the only sound being when a prisoner was brought to be locked up. Several were drunk, but occasionally one was heard weeping over his fate or another protesting his innocence. The bells were ringing for 6 o'clock when the door opened and the officer appeared. "What are you willing to pay to get out now?" he asked abruptly.

"I have broken no law and ought to have my liberty without payment."

"That is not the way we do here. The port-captain certifies to your loyalty and you will be acquitted tomorrow, but is it not worth your while to give something to get out of this place right away."

Morven hesitated, for it looked like submitting to imposition. "Come," said the officer, "be quick, I want to go to supper. Say you will give me a pound." Morven nodded and followed into the room where he had been searched. The clerk produced his purse and watch, and with it a bill of costs, which included a fee to the magistrate. Evidently the money in his purse had been counted, for, including the pound to the officer, it took everything in it except two shillings and the coppers. All he had heard of the extortion of crown officials, of their fees, their combining to rob those who fell within their power, their making their offices hereditary, and of their adding office to office, rushed upon him, and Morven realized how those who wore the King's cloth had been the King's worst enemies, for their conduct had

helped to foster the discontent that had ended in armed rebellion.

Securing a boatman to row him to the brig, Morven was surprised to see a sloop alongside and the People moving into it. Donald was superintending the change. "What does this mean?"

"Never mind just now; I will tell you again. If you have anything in the brig go and fetch it."

In half an hour the sloop cast off and was sailing up the Hudson, for there was some wind and the tide was making. "Donald, tell me how you managed this?"

"When we boarded the brig, there were three dead men at the stern. The blue-jackets from the yacht went through their pockets, and then pitched the corpses into the lee scupper, leaving them for us to bury, and they were left there until we were on our course to New York, and the yacht was out of sight. I sent boys for bits of old canvas and three cannon balls and while they were away I turned over the bodies and straightened them. It was then I noticed the one whom the cook called the American agent had a wide belt round his waist, and feeling it found it was hollow and full of coin. Cutting it quickly off I slipped it under my coat. We sewed the bodies decently in canvas and, putting shot at their feet, dropped them overboard. When I went to my cabin I examined the belt and found it full of guineas, likely the coin the rascal got when he made prizes of the two merchant-ships. With that money I hired

this sloop and bought food for the journey. There are as many gold pieces over as will buy what we need to begin bush-farming. I will give it you when we are alone."

'No," said Morven, "the money is honestly yours. Had you not discovered the belt, the gold would have gone to the bottom of the Atlantic. You shall have the spending of it for the good of our People."

On reaching the American lines a boat came off to examine the sloop, but when the officer saw what a poverty-stricken lot of passengers she had, and was told they were immigrants on their way to the valley of the Mohawk, he passed them at once, and there were no more interruptions. The winds being mostly westerly there was much tacking, and twice the boat tied up at little towns overnight. At these places Donald bought clothing for those most in need, as well as food. When the boat had got as far as the depth of water would permit, we landed. Donald hired wagons to carry those who could not walk, and we started on the road for the Mohawk.

Every care being taken to keep by ourselves and nothing done to excite suspicion, we were left alone, the Americans glad to see such a beggarly looking lot of people moving past their neighborhood. It was a toilsome journey, but no whisper of complaint was heard, for hard as the road was it led to freedom. As we advanced, Morven learned, by cautious enquiries, that Sir John Johnson and the men of his tenantry were in Canada, while the wo-

men and children were dispersed all over the country. Whigs occupied their farms. The Indians had vanished. If one was seen he was shot at sight.

When the point was come to where the road had to be left, the wagons were sent back, and Morven led the company through the woods to the little valley he had destined for us. Everybody was pleased with it, and at once set to work. Our training in Virginia came in well. We had learned how to use tools and cultivate the soil, and best of all, to work regular hours each day had become to us a second nature. We had a new motive for exertion, in that we were now working for our own profit and not for that of a stranger planter. We felled trees, built shanties, grubbed the soil, and even sowed some winter rye and wheat. Before snow came we were further advanced than other settlers we found south of us, lacking our industrious habits, who had arrived in the spring. It was Donald who bought axes and other tools and who bargained for the food that tided us over until our first crop was ready to harvest. During the winter soft wood trees were felled and sawn into planks and boards.

The first summer was the happiest of our lives. There was scarcity of food and many necessaries we had to do without, but with all the pinching and paring there was no grumbling. Instead, each one of us was pleasant with his neighbor and what he had he shared with his neighbor without grudging. It may have been the deep joy of having regained

our freedom, or it may have been the knowledge we could only succeed by helping one another, that spread the happy spirit over us all, or it may have been both, but that summer, though many of the grown-up people had often one meal a day that the children and the aged might have enough, was looked back upon as the brightest and most joyous we knew. As the season advanced and Mother Earth began to yield her increase of what we had sown, the pinch lessened. We had a bountiful harvest, and when it was stored we felt rich. It was that fall the settlement had its first marriage. The couple had loved from childhood, but would not marry in Virginia. It was the first chance for a merrymaking since we left Scotland and the whole of us, young and old, joined to make the most of it. Malcolm McKillop had finished his barn, the biggest yet built, and it was agreed the marriage should be there. It was emptied and Morven boarded it for the occasion. There was difficulty in getting a minister, for we were all of one mind that a rebel was out of the question. There was a German settlement twenty miles south of us that had a minister and he agreed to come. The road was worse than he counted on, and he was long in coming, but we did not mind, for there was plenty adoing. Oh the pranks that were played on the young couple while waiting for the minister, the lassies washing the bridegroom's feet and the lads pretending to steal the bride, sending groom and his bestman on a goose hunt all over the

settlement. When the minister arrived we all agreed it would be no marriage unless the couple were "cried," and so we took him out of doors and he cried them three times in German, for he had only a few words of English and no Gaelic, and it was hoped the squirrels and crows took notice. When he had married them, and we were sorry the minister used a book to do so, he made out the "lines" for the bride and left to sleep in the house of Auntie McNeish. Then the fun began in real earnest, and the floor was cleared. We sorely missed a piper, and had it not been that our lads had been taught to play the fiddle by an old darky on the plantation, we would have had no music. The spirit that had slept from the sorrowful hour we had set foot in Virginia came to life that night, and we lived again in the Highlands. We were ourselves again. Fingers snapped, and men jumped high and cried "Hoich" who never expected to join in fling or reel All our trials were forgotten and when Angus and his wife, the oldest couple we had, took the floor to show us how to dance the Highland Fling our shouts and cheers were like to raise the roof. Oh, it was joyous, all innocent, all friendly, all of one heart and mind. And we had songs, the fine old Gaelic songs, some so funny and some so sad, with no singer equal to Morven, for he put his heart into whatever he did. And such a supper, oatcake and cheese, the first since we left Scotland, the crowdy and the white and black puddings, the singed sheepshead and the haggis! And after

supper Roddy, the tailor, danced Ghillie Callum, and had to do it three times, and then the reels began. It was Scotland again and we were sorry when daylight came and ended our merry gathering. Oh, it was a great splore.

The second harvest had been reaped when Auntie McNeish fell ill. While Morven was resting after a laborious day, a boy came in haste with the message that she wanted to see him. He went at once, for he suspected the end had come. Her chair had been moved to the grass in front of the door and Eppie was seated at her feet. The slant rays of the October sun fell on her face and Morven saw a change had taken place.

"I sent for you for I am going away, Morven, and I had a token to leave you."

"Surely not, auntie; you will stay with us a while yet."

"No, my hour has come, and why should I wish to tarry? The Friend I have talked with so many years I will now see."

"We are not tired of you, auntie; your words are good to us."

"And I am not tired of you; all have been good to me, past all my deservings."

"Even in Virginia?"

"Even there I knew of the goodness of my God, and thanked and praised Him. You, Morven, I would hearten in your work. A great deliverance for our people has been wrought, and I trust

you will not grow weary with them. I hear of evil days having come, of strife and bloodshed around us—do not desert them."

"That I shall not," said Morven.

"It is the promise of a man of honor. I will now give you something I never showed from the hour I got it." Thrusting her hand into her bosom, she held out to him something wrapped in a silken rag. Unrolling it, he found a large silver brooch.

"When Prince Charlie was being hunted as if he were a wild beast, he and Locheil came to the house where I was a servant. There was word of a French ship being off the coast waiting to receive them and they wanted to get across to the next loch. It was night, but to tarry might mean capture. There was no man in the house, just my mistress and myself. I offered to row them and we got into the boat. Locheil took the oars and I steered, for the night was dark with driving showers, but I knew the landmarks. As we neared the other side of the loch and the course to where we were to land was plain, I took the oars, for Locheil's strength had been spent with his wounds and his long wandering. On leaving the boat, I led the way across the strip of land to within sight of the loch they sought. I turned to go. The prince shook my hand, saying he had nought to reward me save words of thanks. Locheil unclasped the brooch from his plaid. "It is the last bit I have of any value. I will not need it more, for we will be on board ship within an hour. Take it, lassie, as

proof of my gratitude," and he turned away. Morven, be as true to the task to which God has called you as the gentle Locheil was to his prince."

She sank back exhausted with speaking so much. "Morven, sing to me." As Morven sang psalm after psalm, the people came from their shanties and joined. During a pause, as they were watching the sun sink beyond the woods, the dying woman, who had lain as in a trance, whispered, "Eppie, do not cry. When I was born into the world my father rejoiced that I had come. I am about to be born into a better world and have assurance that the Father I have known so long, though I have never seen Him, but soon shall, will welcome me. We are twice born, and the second birth, if we have washed our robes in the blood of the Lamb, should be the gladdest hour of our lives. In a little while I will no longer be a poor, frail, sightless woman, for I will leave this wornout body to be returned to earth, while I, in a glorified body, shall see all I have loved and lost and abide with them forever."

Morven signed to kneel and poured out his heart in prayer. When they rose, the spirit had gone.

That was the lightest of the afflictions that befell the settlement. In the spring it became known Sir John Johnson was lurking in the neighborhood, enlisting a regiment to take part in the coming campaign. Despite all Morven's warnings, a number of our young men stole away to join him. Then there were rumors of fighting and not all who left us came

back; they had fallen on the battle-field. Of those who did return to the settlement five were suffering from wounds, and of these one died before the new year. News of how the war was going was difficult to get, but Morven learned enough to satisfy him the day was lost. No braver armies had Britain ever placed in the field but they were commanded by court favorites, whose recommendation was their titles and family influence. Had General Fraser been in command instead of Sir John Burgoyne the disgrace of Saratoga would have been spared us and we would not have mourned for two of our lads. Calamity followed calamity, we thought, when we heard the King of France had acknowledged the new republic, had given its congress a loan of money, and was going to help them by sea and land—this he did not from love of the republic but from hatred of Britain. Seeing an opportunity of crushing an old enemy, Spain had joined France, and was preparing a second armada to invade England. Fighting to beat off these enemies from her shore, Britain was unable to maintain her armies in America, which was more necessary than ever seeing they had now to face the rebels and the French combined. These latter years of the war were the worst for us, for irregular fighting took the place of campaigns, and bands of Whigs and Loyalists alternately ravaged each others settlements. The raids that came nearest us were those of Sir John on his old estate and of Brant on the Whigs who had taken up their abode on the lands of his

tribe. In one of his raids Sir John came to the ruins of Johnson hall and took the opportunity to dig up the silver-plate that had lain for four years concealed. Dividing it up among forty of his soldiers, it was safely conveyed back to Canada to once again grace his table, for his lady had taken up house in Montreal.

It was after Brant's raid, when fifty-three families had their homes burned, that Murdoch Cameron found two children. His cow had failed to appear for two days and he rose before sunrise and went in search of her. After a long and weary tramp he found her tracks and, following them, got up with her, pleased enough to recover her. On his homeward way Murdoch saw his dog smelling round a tree and then bark in a joyful way. Murdoch whistled for him, but he did not leave the spot, but kept barking and jumping round as if pleased with what he had found. Murdoch went over to see what it was. Collie wagged his tail and came to his master as if to lead him to the spot, Beneath an oak, in a bed of leaves, lay two children asleep, clasped in each other's arms. Murdoch stooped and by the shaft of sunlight that fell on their faces, saw by their hollow cheeks, tracked with tears, that they were in the last stage of starvation. He shook the boy, who was the older, and he opened his eyes to close them again. "It is the stupor of death," said Murdoch to himself, "and they must have something to revive them." A bush-farmer is never at a loss Stripping a wide

sheet of bark from a birch tree he twisted it into a cone and going to his cow milked her. Lifting the boy by his left arm and resting his limp body on his knee, he raised the cone to his lips. As the warm milk touched his tongue his mouth opened and he drank his fill. Replenishing the cone, he took the other child, and did the same by her. As he gazed on her sweet face his heart went out to her and he pressed her to his bosom, for she reminded him of a girl bairn he had buried in Virginia. The boy was sitting up, with collie licking his face, but it was long before the wandering senses of the girl came back. When her eyes did open and they met those of Murdoch beaming down on her, she cried "Pa" and tried to raise her head to kiss him. "I am not your pa, my dear one, but I shall be as one to you," and he cuddled her in his arms. It was a slow journey homeward, for both had to be carried. It was nightfall when the lowing of the cow brought his wife to the door.

"You have found the cow," she shouted to Murdoch approaching in the dark.

"I have found more than her. I have found the bairn we lost, and God has given us with her a pretty boy," and he put them both in her arms.

The word soon went over the settlement of Murdoch finding two children in the bush, and early next morning his house was crowded. Mrs Cameron proudly welcomed each new-comer and led them to the settle where the two children lay asleep, with Collie

watching over them. They had been near death, an hour or two more would have put them past recovery, and it was quite a while before the boy was strong enough to tell us how they had come to be where they had been found. They had not been lost. While all were sleeping at home, the boy said, there was a loud yell, the door was burst in, and painted men filled the house. Father picked up a chair and hit one over the head, when they killed him. While the scuffle was going on in the dark, mother dropped me and Jenny out of the back window, and told us to run, and there was a big light and our house was on fire. We heard a cry that sounded like mother—just one. We waited for her until it was daylight. The Indians were all gone; we saw them go to the next farm. We went up to our house, it was all smoking. We saw father lying near the door, and mother, all black, in a corner. Jenny was afraid, but I went up to her, and her head was bloody and no hair. And Jenny and I cried till we got sick and slept. When I woke, I told Jenny the Indians might come back and kill us too and we had better go. I found in the milk-house the bread-jar with a loaf in it and I took it and we went to the bush and walked away. And we walked lots of days, maybe a year, and we were so tired and hungry and came to no house, and Jenny said I was strong and could travel, to leave her and save myself, she would just lie down and die and be with mother. I said I would not leave her, that God was in the bush just the same

as in our home, and we fell asleep, and I was dreaming father was stroking my face the way he used to do and had me on his knee, and I wakened and saw it was that man.

"That was me," cried Murdoch, "and God help us, neither you nor Jenny shall want father or mother so long as my good wife and I live."

Our settlement was so remote from the road and, indeed, so little known, that no party of raiders came near us, and we went on sowing and reaping. It was a dark day to us when the word came that the war was over, that the surrender at Yorktown had caused the King to seek peace, and we wondered what would be the fate of us who were on the defeated side. There were months of anxiety, ending in grievous disappointment when it was learned all we had to rely on was a promise by congress that its influence would be used with the legislatures of the several States to see that the loyalists would be dealt with justly. That pledge, we feared, was worthless, and experience proved it was. The excuse given for the breaking of this solemn engagement with Britain was, that those who made it and signed the treaty, had, under the constitution, no power to dictate to the State legislatures. These legislatures had no mercy. The loyalists were robbed of their property, tarred and feathered, imprisoned, and hounded to death. Morven knew full well the turn of his People would come and waited with drawn breath for their sentence. The state of suspense in which we

lived had the effect of stopping all improvements. If we had to give up our lots there was no sense in our making them of more value to the Republicans who would take possession of them. There were daily talks among ourselves, but never did man or woman suggest we ought to try and make friends with the victorious party in the hope of keeping our properties. There was just one mind among us, that we would take no oath of allegiance to the Republic, and as to where we would go when compelled to leave there was no choice but to try and reach Canada. There was not a day that summer on which some preparation was not made for what we all felt would be a long and dangerous journey. Morven and Donald had many a talk by themselves, and we knew they were trying to gather all the information they could about Canada and the best way to get to it. We were satisfied we would have to move that fall, but the warning came sooner than looked for, and before we had harvested all our crops.

It was late in August Morven was crossing the woods at the head of the settlement, when he heard the crackling of footsteps behind him. He turned to see who it was, and his heart sank as he recognized in the stranger an Albany lawyer, who, after glancing him over, abruptly said—

"From the description supplied to me I take you to be the party I have come to see. You are the fellow who passes by the name of Morven, and who is agent for this settlement?"

"I am, and you are lawyer Hoover of Albany, for I have seen you in court and heard you speak at Whig meetings."

HOOVER—You are correct, only I am now the Honorable Douw Hoover. I have ridden from Albany, and it has been a weary ride, to arrange with you, as the reputed leader of the settlement, for the change you must have been expecting. The lands of the people you represent are included in the Confiscation Act of New York State, and I have been commissioned by the Governor to see to the seizure and transfer of these lands in due form to their new and rightful owners. Here are copies of the documents that certify this, and, for their own sakes, I hope the People will quietly obey the orders they contain and obviate the use of force. To effect a peaceable transfer I have come in person instead of sending an officer with a posse comitatus.

MORVEN—I do not wish to read them. I take your word for having authority and that our farms are confiscated. One winter, when out of work, I often visited the Albany court-room and heard you plead. As a lawyer, I ask you if it is justice to rob us of our land?"

HOOVER—Robbery! Is that the word you use regarding a solemn deliverance of our New York Legislature? What could you and your traitorous crew expect? You refused to take the oath of allegiance when proclamations were posted. Instead, you made war on the American people, and joined with

the Indians in their hellish deeds. Justice! Were justice done you, the hangman's rope would be the due of every mother's son of you. The commonwealth, in its benign clemency, spares you your worthless lives on condition that you leave the country.

MORVEN—Are we not part of the American people? Of course we are? How then could we make war on them? When the first gun was fired at Lexington not half of the people of America were for separation and we resisted. The struggle that ended at Yorktown was not between Britain and America. It was a civil war, waged between two sections of the people of these colonies, with Britain aiding the party who were for continuing the government as it was. It was brother against brother, father against son, who fought, and the loyalist side lost. I deny that we loyalists ever made war on the American people. We stood for the old way, for things as they were, and it was you who were for changing them and used the sword to force your opinions on us.

HOOVER—Never mind what was true when the patriots of Lexington dared to withstand the tyrant. The strong fact of the case, and the only one that concerns you, is, that the progress of events so convinced all right-minded people that they came round to support the glorious party of freedom—

MORVEN—Not all. Tens of thousands of the best class of Americans are being compelled to leave the country which is just as much their country as yours.

It is reported one hundred thousand loyalists have left New York.

HOOVER—They are the despicable enemies of our noble republic and may be thankful they are allowed to leave.

MORVEN—You have stripped them of all they possessed: they go forth penniless to seek new homes.

HOOVER—It is the law of nations, that the property of rebels becomes confiscate to the state.

MORVEN—They are not rebels to the government of their fathers or to the government that had been established in this land for nigh two centuries. You reproach myself and my people for refusing to change our allegiance. Could we turn against the land of our birth? The wretch who, for gain, forswears the land of his fathers and turns his hand against it, is a traitor to the best instincts of human nature.

HOOVER—See here, law is law and has to be obeyed. The sovereign people of these United States decided on independence, and whoever, at the proper time, refused to take the oath of allegiance to it is a rebel and to be treated as rebels deserve.

MORVEN—Look out on that plain at our feet. You see men and women cutting grain, Hark, you may hear the song they sing in Scotland when harvesting. These people found that plain a forest. They felled the trees, they brought it into cultivation, they built those houses—every improvement you see is the fruit of their industry. Is it right that, because you, and a number like you, rebelled against the government

these people found established when they came to America, and have substituted one of your own device in its place, that you should rob them of their homes? Why should a change in form of government deprive them of the property they created by their labor?

HOOVER—They had their option. Had they united with the sovereign people in resisting the tyrant George they would not now be disturbed.

MORVEN—So; it is a crime, then, not to think as you decree; a crime to be punished by being robbed of what they own and expelled from the country.

HOOVER—Certainly, that is the law, and you get off easily, for seeing part of you bore arms against the republic and all of you gave aid and comfort to its enemies, your lives as well as your property are justly forfeit.

MORVEN—In your declaration of independence you affirm all men are born free and equal. Why, then, question our right to think for ourselves? Is it in accordance with the doctrine you take as the base of your republic, that we could not form an opinion as to the government we preferred? Because of our opinion that we wished no change in the government you rob us of the property that is ours. Is that either freedom or equality?

HOOVER—You are quibbling with eternal truths. In congress assembled the representatives of the sovereign people of the United States of America decided what was to be the government, and whoever

rejected that government is a traitor and deserves a traitor's sentence and a traitor's treatment.

MORVEN—There is no freedom in that. Whoever thinks differently from you is to be treated as a criminal and stripped of what he possesses. That is a forcing of men's consciences. You say I quibble. What about Washington, Jefferson, Lee, Harrison, Carroll, and a host of your leading men declaring life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to be the inalienable right of all men, when they own slaves?

HOOVER—The term "men" applies to whites alone. All jurisconsults so define it.

MORVEN—And we Tories are to be classed with negroes in being denied life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness because of our opinion that we preferred connection with the Motherland to your newly fledged government! Your declaration of independence has strange limitations—one of color, another of opinion. Affecting an exclusive zeal for liberty, you use the sacred word to rob and hound those who do not think as you do. Drop this veil of words, Mr Hoover, and say flatly and plainly those you represent covet our farms and homes, and having the power on your side you are going to have them, but do not rob us with the words independence and equality in your mouths. We may have to submit to robbery, but, for heaven's sake, spare us hypocrisy. We did no wrong in standing for British connection: we had a right to our opinion and to defend it. We have been beaten, we recognize you as vic-

tors, we renounce all idea of further resistance, and giving our pledged word that we will live quietly, ask to be left alone on the farms we have redeemed from the wilderness.

HOOVER—I love to hear you Tories speak so sweetly when you have been licked and cannot help yourselves. You snakes in the grass who sought to betray our glorious cause to our oppressors, you wolves who pounced on the weak when you found a chance, showing no mercy even to sucklings; you pretenders to manhood, who were not ashamed to have merciless Indian savages as your allies; you beg now for mercy and you shall have the measure of mercy you dealt out to the inhabitants of Schoharie, of Wyoming and Cherry valleys. Rights you ask, you shall have the rights you fought to deny us patriots. Had you won the day, how would we have been treated? Answer, you miserable Tory. You cannot. Get out of our way before vengeance for your deeds overtakes you.

MORVEN—I answer with a clear conscience. I do not believe in war and never sought any man's life. None of the people whose homes you mean to seize had anything to do with Indians. The young men who enlisted fought fairly in the open. It is false that the British government would have harmed you had they won the day. General after general made it known that if you laid down your arms, there would be at once issued a proclamation of amnesty and oblivion.

HOOVER—And we scorned the offer, for we knew

we could whip your generals and set up for ourselves among the nations of the world—the latest born and the best.

MORVEN—You did not whip our generals. You were on the point of giving in, when France and Spain joined their forces to yours and gave you the victory you had failed to win alone. Nice allies of a free republic, the crowned tyrants of France and Spain!

HOOVER—Our glorious cause was so palpably just, and the course of Britain so execrable, that even the despots of Europe could not refuse us their aid.

MORVEN—Then you are determined to have our farms?

HOOVER—That is the decree of the legislature and I am commissioned to carry it out. If your People do not go quickly and quietly, I will fetch soldiers who will drive you into the northern wilderness at the point of the bayonet.

MORVEN—Put yourself in the place of any one of these farmers, and tell me, with such an order in your ears, how you would feel?

HOOVER—That is impossible for me to do, as I cannot conceive of my being a traitor to our glorious republic.

MORVEN—But you were a traitor when you rose in rebellion against the government of the land.

HOOVER—Read our declaration of independence, and learn that when sufficient cause is given it is a duty to throw off the yoke of a detested government.

Study the enumeration of abuses and usurpations that justified tearing down the flag that had become the symbol of tyranny and giving to the winds of heaven our starry symbol, studded with stars snatched from the sky to which all look, that the hour of the emancipation of humanity had arrived.

MORVEN—Speaking as man to man, let your conscience, if not your lips, admit that Britain has not deserved the treatment she has received at your hands. She nourished your colonies in their youth, her war-ships guarded your coasts in time of war, her help was ready when French or Indians raided your borders. It was you who forced her, sorely against her will, into the seven years' war. It was for your sake she sent fleets and armies to overthrow French dominion on this continent. She lavished millions of treasure and the lives of thousands of her soldiers to take away that standing menace to your peace, that obstacle to your expansion, and when she had accomplished the gigantic task and asked you to pay a trifling part of the cost, you refused and called it patriotism to repudiate a just debt. Had the French power remained in America you would never have sought separation from Britain. When her strong arm was no longer needed to protect you, you stabbed the bosom that had nursed you.

HOOVER—You benighted Tory, you are ignorant of constitutional law. There were grave questions of jurisprudence involved in Britain's methods of attempting to collect taxes without our consent.

MORVEN—And so, because the creditor took a wrong method, you repudiated a just debt! The letter to be obeyed, not the spirit. Easier to throw tea into saltwater than meet your obligations. What admirable patriotism, to exact all the benefits you could wring from the Motherland by pledges to share her outlay, and then, when enjoying the benefits she obtained for you, button your pockets! I tell you, Mr Hoover, you are now doing to individuals what you have done to the Motherland. You even refuse to pay the merchants for the goods you bought from them because they are Tories. How can a nation prosper that starts with dishonesty?

HOOVER—Congress did right to declare these claims of British merchants illegal. Would you have us help our enemies by paying them their accounts and so enabling them to crush us? No, sir; our acts of confiscation and of repudiation were justifiable means to secure public safety.

MORVEN—Quibbles may satisfy your conscience, but a day will come when you shall answer Him who thundered, "Thou shalt not steal." Your appeals to what your congress, legislatures, and courts have decreed will then prove a flimsy shield. By brute force you can drive the people I speak for from their farms, you can hunt them into yonder mountains to perish, but you cannot escape the retribution of broken moral laws.

HOOVER—Stop that. As an agent and representative of the legislature and executive of the State of

New York I demand whether you are going to obey its order passed in due form?

MORVEN—You may go back to your masters and tell them we have the spirit of true men and ask of them no favor. We will abandon to them the vineyard they covet.

HOOVER—What assurance do you give me; what pledge you will keep your word?

MORVEN—Know this, you are dealing with Highlanders and the Highlander whose word is not as good as his oath or written bond is no better than one of your patriots who traffics in his principles for gain and wordly advancement.

HOOVER—I pass by your insults to decide this business at once. When and where do you go?

MORVEN—We go to that true North where virgin soil awaits us to build a new nation which will cherish the name of the land whence we came—a nation where honor shall be the boast of its people and not riches, where trickery shall be held in contempt and oppression shall not put forth its claws from under the cloak of freedom, where no man shall be held to be a mark for plunder because of his opinions, and where the humblest and poorest shall not cry in vain for justice. Forms of government go for nothing where the people seek not each other's good and the spirit of brotherhood does not fold its arms around all humanity.

HOOVER—How beautiful! And when do you saints propose to leave for your frozen paradise?

MORVEN—Not a day later than is needed to prepare for so long a journey.

HOOVER—Fix a date.

MORVEN—I cannot, there are women and children to be considered. Be sure of this, we shall not delay leaving a land that has fallen under the control of a government that sanctions robbery. Your new-born nation starts with the taint of thievery and thieves will prey on its vitals for generations to come.

HOOVER—Too long have I listened to your insults, and will bear no more. Call you me a thief?

MORVEN—You are a lawyer. What do you call a man who takes what belongs to another? You are joined in a conspiracy to steal our farms and whatever else we own.

HOOVER—Were you not a cursed Tory I would challenge you, but that would be too much honor for you. I will kick and spit upon you, and make you swallow your words.

Purple with rage, Hoover rushed towards Morven, who lifted him bodily and pitched him into a bed of forest litter. Hoover rose, drew a pistol, and fired, missing Morven, who wrenched the pistol from his hand and another he made a move to draw, when he had again thrown him on his back.

MORVEN—Get up; know that a Highlander takes not vengeance on a fallen foe. Go back to your masters in Albany and say to them, the Highlanders whose farms they covet will rather perish of cold and

hunger in the wilderness than forswear the land of their birth.

So saying Morven turned away to seek solitude in the deeper parts of the forest, for he was sorely troubled by this new trial. Just when the People were doing well, came this order to abandon all. On him fell the responsibility of guiding them, of seeking new homes in a country where they would have to begin life anew, but where they would be free to enjoy what they earned. The task looked to be beyond his strength and as he considered the difficulties in the way his agitation grew. At times he writhed in indignation at the injustice done them, at others his distress became acute as he thought of the sufferings of the women and children, of the ailing and the aged, in the journey they must take and the uncertainty of their accomplishing it. Hour after hour passed as he tramped under the trees, sometimes helpless and despairing; then the mood changed, and he became desperate and determined not to give in. He smote his breast with his clenched fists, he flung his arms wildly upwards, and finally, in bitterness of spirit, fell prone on the earth. Night was coming when, composed in spirit, he knelt under an oak and humbly committed the People he loved to God and asked help beyond his own. Knowing he probably would be arrested and tried for what had passed between him and Hoover, before he went to bed that night he wrote out all that had passed.

Part Four

Morven and Donald talked it over and could see no help for it other than go to Canada. Were they to try to stay, they would have to disperse, going to villages and towns to seek work as laborers, and that meant poverty, if not starvation, for hard times had come on the heels of the close of the war. They knew that the women as much as the men were averse to splitting up their little community. They had lived as one family, the strong caring for the weak, each helping the other, so that to break up relations that had existed so long, and be separated among strangers who were unfriendly, was a proposal they recoiled from. On the other hand, were they to continue together they must leave the United States, and their shortest route to Canada was over a mountainous wilderness of a full hundred miles or more. Of that region they knew only what their young men who had gone hunting in it told them, and they had no occasion to go far. They had no guide, all they were sure of was that going due

north they would reach Canada. Donald suggested they move towards Lake George and, building or buying boats, gain Canada by Lake Champlain; he had been as far as Crown Point and saw no special difficulty. They parted to go and warn the People to prepare for speedy departure. No family was surprised. They had been expecting nothing else, tho' hoping the change would not come until spring. To sell their cattle and other marketable property they at once sent word to drovers It was on the afternoon of the third day after Hoover's visit, that Morven saw Tim coming over the field to his house. He bore a letter. It was from a brother of Miriam. It told how the family had been driven from their farm and were on their way to seek a new home in Canada. They had to pass Albany, for they had chosen the way by Lake Champlain. While staying overnight in that town, they learned of a call for volunteers to raid the settlement of Highlanders, who were spoken of as allies of the Indians, and as deserving the treatment they had shown Republican families. The letter closed with an urgent message to leave and escape the massacre that had been planned. Morven, from what he had heard, knew of the dreadful deeds done in isolated settlements of Tories in the Hudson valley, and felt the danger. In the coming raid he saw the hand of Hoover. Instant action was needed, for Tim said the word was, that the soldiers would leave Albany Friday or Saturday, and it was now Thursday. Donald said this word decided

their route—they must go by the wilderness and he suggested that men be at once sent to build a raft so that they could cross the lake to the north of their settlement, instead of going round it, which might enable a pursuing party to overtake them. This was done, and a message sent to every household to be ready to move on Saturday. The chief preparation was the cooking of food and packing it in baskets to be carried on the back. Their acquaintance with the Indians had taught how burdens could be so carried and they had plenty of baskets. Children unable to walk were bundled up as papooses, and on the backs of the three Indian ponies they had decided to take, were strapped the utensils and coverings for wigwams.

With the first streak of day the settlement was alive with preparations for the start. There was no expression of regret, no reluctance in leaving: the blood of the Highlanders was up, they would fight if need be, but the hearts of all, even to the children, were exultant over the thought that they were on their way to a land where they would enjoy the earnings of their labor and be no longer persecuted for their political opinions. Led by Donald, several men with axes struck for the woods to clear a track, and, well behind them, to give time to clear any obstruction, a straggling line of men, women, and children followed, Morven giving assistance wherever most needed. Two hours' march and the first of the foothills was reached, and a halt called on its slope.

Looking back they saw the valley they had dwelt in for half-a-dozen years, and while they were endeavoring to pick out where this and that house lay, a column of smoke rose, which speedily changed into a cloud and rolled before the wind. The young men left to form a rear-guard had fired the standing crops and with them went the log-houses. Shouts of exultation rose from their late occupants. "Our crops no Yankee will reap: our homes no Yankee will dwell in. They will come to rob and find a desolation." It was in the afternoon when the lake was reached, which proved to be one of those long narrow stretches of water common to the region. The north shore which faced them was bold and rocky, and to reach it was their purpose. Trees, suitable for a raft, had been selected along the water edge, felled, and rolled into the lake. One by one they had been lashed together with withes, so that a floating platform was ready to receive its first passengers, mostly children. The men who poled it were surprised, on nearing the farther shore, to see a man standing on a rock, who signed to them where to steer, and following his directions struck a landing where the water was deep enough to bring the raft alongside a ledge of rock. Morven, whose heart jumped on recognizing the stranger as John Blanket, grasped his hand. "You have come to help us?" The Indian gave a grunt. There was no time for talk. As soon as the raft was lightened of its load it was poled back to get another. Had it not been that it was moonlight all could not

have crossed that night. The Indian led to a sheltered hollow, where fires were lit, and the first night in the wilderness was spent.

Before going to sleep, Morven had a long talk with John Blanket. He told how he had gone with his tribe to the reservation given by the British government on the Grand river, in Canada. Having provided a home, he had come east to claim as his bride the maiden to whom he had been betrothed, and whose people still lived in a forest depth on the edge of the great wilderness. He had waited for a while with the Indians on the bay of Quinte, and then, traversing lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence in a canoe, had plunged into the woods, where he hunted and fished until he had neared the old camping-ground of his people, and claimed the hand of her for whom he had come so far. Careful not to show himself, for he knew he would be shot like a wild beast by the first Republican who sighted him, he had haunted the Mohawk valley for some time. He was in the woods when Morven had his meeting with Hoover, overheard what passed, and had his tomahawk ready to slay Hoover had the bullet of his pistol hit Morven. Knowing from what passed at the interview that the settlers would soon leave, he resolved to offer his services as guide, and left to tell his bride. The Highlanders had moved sooner than expected. That morning he had gone on a hunt and it was the sight of the smoke that had hurried him on his way back, reaching the lake as he saw them

getting ready to cross it. Squeezing the Indian's hand in gratitude, Morven slept all the sounder from knowing they had a guide.

It was the joyous chatter of the children that roused Morven in the morning. He was told the Indian had gone towards the lake, and he found him lying prone on a rock watching the opposite shore. "They have followed you," said John. "See the smoke of last night's fire." Morven looked where he pointed but could see nothing. "They took the trail you made and are now at the lake."

"Had we not better be on the move? It will take them some time to get round the lake, and we may leave them far behind."

The Indian shook his head. "They would overtake you today—maybe at a worse place than this to fight them. You march slow, they go fast, all young and good bushmen."

"I do not want to fight; I hate the shedding of blood."

Blanket smiled grimly. "You have to fight them or let them kill you all."

Morven gazed on the lovely scene before him, the union of hill and forest and glassy lake, glorified in warm sunshine, and sighed to think nature was so peaceful and beautiful and man so destructive and hateful. As they were to wait where they were until they learned the movements of their pursuers, towards noon the People gathered under the shade of the trees to hold the fellowship-service they had

never failed to observe as each Sunday came—all save Blanket, who had left the camp after breakfast. Morven read the 14th chapter of Exodus, and from that hour his hearers evened themselves with the children of Israel. When their worship was over, he missed the young men and Donald. He was told Blanket had beckoned them while he was speaking and they had disappeared with him in the forest.

About a mile to the east of the camp a brook found its way to the lake through a rent in the rock. The depth and width of the gorge varied, but nowhere was it narrow enough for a man to leap nor the banks sufficiently slanting to permit of safe descent or climbing the opposite steep. Blanket conjectured, when the Americans saw their prey had escaped by ferrying the lake they would go round the eastern end of it and, having done so, must cross this chasm to reach them. Assured of this he went to the outlet of the brook to watch for their coming. The sun had passed the meridian before his keen eyes got a glimpse of them, when he went to the camp for the young men. The Americans, who had guides who knew the ground, halted at a point of the brook where the gorge was narrowest, when two of the party began to fell a pine that grew near the edge. So skilfully did they wield their axes, that the tree fell as they desired, straight across the chasm. Stepping on it the men hewed away the few obstructing branches, and there was a tolerable bridge for light-footed riflemen. John Blanket and his fol-

lowers, concealed in the thicket that fringed the gorge, watched every movement and heard much of the talk of the Americans, for, confident they were alone, they laughed and bantered each other about their expedition and of the capture they believed to be within their grasp. Their remarks about Highland girls often made the blood of the young men boil with indignation and they whispered Blanket if they should not shoot, but he always shook his head. When the bridge was ready, the leader ordered them to form single file, wide apart, so that not more than two at a time would be on the frail bridge. They had evidently served in the army, for they obeyed orders with precision and alacrity. Just as the leading man was about to step off did the Indian whisper "Fire." Those on the bridge fell headlong to the foaming water beneath, the others sprang back and rushed for the shelter of the bush—all save two who dropped in their flight. Instantly the Americans sent a shower of bullets to the place where they supposed their assailants were hid, which did no damage. Then there was silence. Blanket whispered they were consulting what to do. After an interval a white cloth at the end of a ramrod appeared above the bushes and an unarmed man walked towards the fatal bridge. Donald went forward to speak to him.

"We want to move these two wounded men who are lying scorching in the sun."

"We make no war on wounded men. If you leave

their rifles, powder-horns, and knives you can carry them with you; we will not shoot."

"Thank you, my one-armed friend. Now, I will do you a favor. On surrendering to us the man named Morven, for whom we have a warrant, we will go back to Albany and leave your party unmolested."

"What would you do with him?"

"We will take him to Albany where he will have a fair trial on charges laid against him by the Honorable Douw Hoover."

"You talk as if we were under obligation to you. We owe you nothing; we have done you no harm. It is you who have abused us. You have robbed us of our farms and you hunt us for our lives."

"That is saucy talk for men who have just tumbled three of our best fellows into that chasm and wounded two more. Come into the open and we will lick you in a fair fight. This ambushing is cowardly."

"What did you expect? That we would wait like sheep in our camp till you poured a volley, slaughtered every man, and then seized our women? The deer when brought to bay lowers its horns to save dam and fawn from the wolf. Your comrades had murder in their hearts when they stepped on that tree and deserved what they got."

"Were it any use talking, I would tell you what Tories have done and what they deserve, but the deal this morning is yours and we have to grin and

bear it. Come now, don't let us go back to Albany with nothing to show for our tramp. Give us that fellow Morven."

"Morven has done nothing deserving trial and we know what your fair trials mean. If that is the condition of your leaving us alone, we will fight it out with you."

"Come now, be reasonable, we are able to catch you all—"

Donald flourished his one arm. "Back quick, and if you know what is good for you, tell your friends to save their hides by going back the way they came."

The American returned to where the party was hid, when four men came out to carry away the two wounded men. Knowing they were watched by marksmen who had their rifles pointed at them, they ostentatiously piled the guns, powder-horns, and knives of the disabled men in a heap, before lifting them.

"What next, John?" asked Donald.

"The Yankees are going home," answered Blanket in a whisper, "they did not expect to follow us so far, and have not food to stay longer. Their haversacks are empty."

"Let us go after them, the bridge is there."

Blanket shook his head. "We are not able for them—too many."

"Are we not to have even another shot at them? They have taken our land, they would have taken our lives, had you not circumvented them."

The young men, who had been listening, eagerly backed Donald's request, one stepping towards the tree-bridge. "Stop," cried Blanket, "you may be shot. Do not cross; come this way."

The Indian led them down towards the lake, halting when they were about to come in sight of it. He pointed to the other side of the gorge, where a forest-fire had made a clearance of several acres.

"They will cross that," he said with a sweep of his hand, "when you will have a chance of another shot."

Crouched under cover of tree, and rock, and bush, they waited with rifles pointed to sweep the opening in front of them The Americans were long in coming. Having to prepare stretchers to carry their wounded they were delayed. It was nearing sunset when, at the farther end of the opening, the first American stepped out, followed by others in straggling fashion, When a broken line of them spanned the clearance Blanket gave the word and eight rifles rang out. Instantly the Americans dropped, some from being hit, others to seek cover. The fury of battle had taken possession of Donald. Rising up to see what damage had been done, he gave the warcry of his clan. Blanket, who was reloading his rifle, hurriedly stretched out his hand to pull him down. It was too late. An American, watching from behind a tree, saw him and took aim. Donald fell backward with a bullet in his brain. It was the last shot. Crawling or creeping on all fours those of the Americans who had been surprised in the act of crossing

the opening, gained the bush, the others made a sweep round the end of it. What their loss was the Highlanders never learned, nor did they care, for they were too absorbed in the death of Donald.

The first intimation those who remained in the camp had that an enemy was near, was the sound of firing, when Morven instantly made the best preparations he could for keeping the People together and getting them under cover. A man was sent forward in the direction of the shooting to learn what they might expect, but before he returned Tim came running with the news. He told the story of the Americans spanning the gorge with a tree, of their repulse, and that not a Highlander had got a scratch. Later the messenger returned, with the word from Blanket that the danger had passed, but he would continue to watch until all was safe. The afternoon wore away until the camp again heard the rattle of a volley, ending with the single shot that was the death-knell of Donald. On one of the young men coming in with the news, there was a burst of sorrow. Morven started for the scene of conflict, followed by all who could leave. When he saw Donald outstretched on the flat rock on which he had leaped to bid defiance to the persecutors, Morven dropped on his knees and drew the still warm body into his arms. The bystanders drew aside in silence, for they knew of the friendship, deep and true, that had existed between the two men and guessed Morven's mighty sorrow. On the arrival of the women, the

Keen was raised and the children sobbed and clung in fear to their mothers. It was Morven who restored order. Mastering his feelings, he composedly gave orders for the burial. They were on the march for their lives, and delay might be dangerous. A spade was brought from the camp and a shallow grave dug. A full moon was pouring its radiance through the tree-tops as the company gathered round it, and when Donald, wrapped in his plaid, was laid to rest, a sob of passionate sorrow swept the excited people, to which Morven gave expression and direction in an earnest address. He recalled all the good qualities of their friend, his unselfishness, all he had done for them in rescuing them from Virginia, ending in giving up his life in their defence, closing with an exhortation to persevere in their march to freedom. One had fallen; the young men must take his place in the duties he performed. Then followed a prayer, a wild cry for help to lead them through the wilderness to freedom, words that rushed like a torrent and swept his hearers into an enthusiastic resolution not to falter in their journey. On Morven ending a woman started the 46th psalm, sung with the fervor of Highlanders to whom God is very near. The grave was filled, and as each man, woman and child passed it before returning to camp, they dropped a stone upon it, and under that cairn the body of Donald rests until this day.

THIRD DAY

After a wakeful night we were glad to leave the

scene of our loss. Young men sent to the site of yesterday's fight returned with the muskets and ammunition of the slain: the addition of the five guns was a gain to us. The trail chosen by Blanket lay over rising ground, sometimes steep and rough. The day becoming sultry there were many laggards. After travelling about six miles, on coming to a brook with grassy banks, a halt was called, and the horses turned to pasture. The boys fished, the girls searched for ripe berries, the young men went hunting, and the older ones turned to repairing moccasins. The hunters came back with two deer and a lot of partridges. After dark, a thunderstorm.

Fourth Day

Being all fatigued slept soundly. Were wakened by the screaming of a little girl. In the spring Flora's father had given her a lamb, whose dam had died. She had made it her companion, and it was allowed by Morven to follow when the settlement was left. Flora slept beside it and the night turning cold crept close and had her arms round its neck for warmth. A wolf had marked the lamb and watched his chance all night. When the camp-fires had burned low he saw his opportunity, and crawling in, pounced on the lamb. Flora did not let go, but clinging to the creature's neck and crying "Ma goul" wakened the sleepers. The first to realize what had happened was John Blanket. Sleeping as if on the warpath, arms outstretched, face downward, he was on his

feet in an instant, comprehended the cause of the alarm, and, by the light of the setting moon, dealt a blow with his tomahawk that killed the wolf. The fleece of the lamb saved it from serious injury and it trotted after its little mistress as usual. The wolf was skinned and its hide given to the mother of the child as a blanket for her. We were not sorry to be roused so early, for the day was cool, encouraging us to climb the hills. Went through a narrow pass, after which took a long rest at midday. The tramp in the afternoon was fatiguing though we moved slowly. When we halted for the day Blanket said we had gone ten miles. Many footsore. Of two deer shot, Blanket took the fat and showed how when rubbed on stiff legs and sore feet it gave relief. Encouraged us by saying our climbing was nearly ended.

Fifth Day

Cloudy. Halted only an hour for dinner. Had not resumed our march long when it began to rain. Blanket would not listen to stopping, though the rain became heavy and chilled the hardiest. When most discouraged Morven struck up a humorous Gaelic song, which all caught up, and we trudged along thinking of Scotland instead of our discomfort. Song followed song until we came alongside a stretch of shelving rock, which reached far enough out to form a shelter. Under this overhanging rock we were dry and when fires were set agoing, got warm.

Save a few birds and grey squirrels shot on the march we had no game today. There was food enough for the children and no more.

Sixth Day

After a downpour of rain that lasted to daybreak, the wind changed. Blanket and the young men went hunting and brought in a deer for breakfast. Trail more level, with less bush, trees smaller and nearly all spruce. In the afternoon came to the foot of a lake, which Blanket said was long and ran north. He proposed as a relief for the wearied ones that rafts be made and we sail to its upper end. Had plenty of fish for supper, caught in the lake. While resting after it, were astonished by the appearance of a stranger. He was a trapper and had his cabin at the outlet of the lake. He spoke discouragingly of our ever reaching Canada. Asked Tim to go with him to his cabin, who returned with a freshly-skinned beaver, which was got ready for next day's breakfast.

Seventh Day

A number of the young people went to visit the trapper, guided by Tim. They all came back with presents. He had a collection of bird-skins, and the girls had bright colored wings and tail-feathers in their hair. For the youngest baby came a coon-skin to make a wrap. Best of all, several deer-skins prepared for making moccasins and balls of sinews to

sew them. It was late in the afternoon when the rafts were ready, and after going a few miles tied up behind a point when darkness fell. It was well we did so, for a gale rose before morning that would have torn our rafts asunder. Several children complained of not feeling well. John Blanket advised consulting a man who lived not far from head of the lake, and who is wise in curing people.

Eighth Day

Lake being still, started at daylight and got to end by noon. More children ailing, with an affection of the skin. There being a natural meadow for the horses and pressing need for more food, young men went hunting. John Blanket was asked how far the cabin of the wise man was distant, and answered, a little tramp. Morven and the young man whom he had made his friend started with him, one of the sick children being carried. The trail led over a hill to the east. On gaining its top there was a wide view, with lake Champlain on one side and battalions of peaks on the other. "Look!" cried Blanket, pointing to the north, "there is Canada." As we looked the fleecy clouds parted over the far-distant scene and the sun's rays lit up something as bright as silver. "That is the St. Lawrence," cried the Indian. "And that," replied Morven, "is the land where we will be freemen, to think our own thoughts and own what we earn." As we neared the foot of the hill we saw a clearance, with a woman working in it, and coming

closer a shanty facing the south, snug in a recess of the mountain. The woman gave a scream of surprise on seeing us and next one of delight as she hurried forward and clutched the child to her bosom. The old man, resting under a vine that shadowed the front of the cabin, bade us welcome. Morven told him of the purpose of our visit. Looking at the child he asked what she had been fed on, and when told on what game was got by the way, he shook his head and said the cause of trouble was want of other food. "When did she have bread?" Morven replied the last loaf had been eaten six days ago. He bade his wife fetch an onion. The child ate it greedily. "Deer's flesh is good," said the old man, "so is roasted partridge, and broiled trout, but they do not give all our bodies need. Before you go back I will show you how, even in this wilderness, other food is to be got."

While the wife went in doors with the child to busy herself in getting us a meal, the old man talked. He was curious about our journey and could not believe that we were a large company, including women and children, travelling to Canada. "You can never get there; go back at once."

"Never," replied Morven, "the Hand that has led us thus far will open a way to the journey's end."

"You have had brooks to cross and scrub forests to go through, but soon it will be deep rivers you will come to and forests that shut out the light."

"Never fear," retorted Morven, "we have the power

and the spirit to bear us onward. The frailest woman in our company would scorn to say she was beat. Onward we go to Canada."

The old man smiled as one not believing. Questioned in turn he told us about himself. He was of German descent and had married a woman who was partly of Mohawk origin. On the breaking out of war, he wished to find a place where he could be secure and had found it where he now lived. He had children living in the Mohawk valley and in the winter one or other of his sons came on snowshoes to visit him, bringing him store goods and taking in payment the furs he had secured. He had a flock of goats, some poultry, and kept bees. With what his wife raised in her garden they were comfortable.

"How are you able to keep goats where there are so many wolves?"

"There is not a wild beast in these woods that will master a goat, unless it might be a catamount that would drop on the back of one, and that would be a rare chance, for they do not stray singly. The goat is the pluckiest creature I know: it will fight anything and break the bones of a bear with its bunts."

"Do you never feel lonely?"

"I would sooner be lonely than live where there is strife, with your neighbors lying in wait to rob you of life and property."

The table had kinds of food we had not seen for days: the child was in glee over an egg and a cup of

milk. We were taken to the woods behind the house, when the old man pointed out plants whose leaves could be cooked as greens and others whose roots could be boiled with flesh. Poisonous herbs were shown and their marks pointed out. Using tea made from the tips of hemlock branches was urged, skimming any gum that came to the surface of the boiling water. The talk about food started the old man on his theory of medicine. His notion was that the virtue of every animal was in the fat that covered or lay nearest the heart, and that the use of that fat cured the opposite defect in man. For example, he said, your back gives out and you cannot move, rub yourself with toad-oil and next morning you will be able to leap without hurting yourself. You cannot sleep, get fat of a bear killed in December and rub your head and nose with it and you sleep right away. The goose has a long neck and narrow breast yet never has a cold: rub its oil on throat and chest when you catch a cold. Grease of muskrat good for colds from wet feet; beaver oil for lazy feeling in spring. In parting he insisted on Morven taking a bottle of toad-oil. His wife went with us to camp, carrying the child on her back. Her visit did good, for she showed the women methods of forest housekeeping which they had not known. She brought a jar of goat's milk, which was a godsend to the infants, and left a bag of onions when she walked away at sunset.

Ninth Day

So many of the children ailing that even had it been a week day we could not have gone on. There being plenty of food, all had enough and a restful day was spent. Weather bright and warm. The service held by the edge of the lake was solemn. In the evening the young folk, by their own motion, gathered to sing psalms.

Tenth Day

There was white frost at sunrise. Blanket, who had gone out at daylight, returned with word of bear-tracks. Several young men left with him. The bear had not gone far, was shot and the lads left to dress and cut up the carcase ready for carrying. Blanket with Tim hurried off to rejoin the camp, for it was time to resume the march. In crossing an opening in the forest, the Indian's ear caught a sound known to every hunter. Instantly his rifle went to his shoulder when, with a crash, a deer came bounding in front of them. The rifle rang out, the bullet missed—the sun was in Blanket's eyes when he fired. Another leap and the deer would have been in the bush, but while in midair an arrow pierced its throat and it dropped quivering on the grass. Both the Indian and Tim stood surprised, but were astounded when a slender girl tripped towards them, dressed in buckskin, embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, every motion bespeaking agility and grace.

Approaching John Blanket she dropped on her right knee and bent her shapely head until her forehead touched his foot.

"Spotted Fawn, have you dropped from the sky?"

"Spotted Fawn could not live without you and she is here."

"Why did you seek me? You were safe until I went back for you."

"Are you angry with me, my chief, my Rolling Cloud?"

Stooping the Indian raised the girl and clasped her hands. "No, never angry with you; but why come?"

"Oh there were such stories came to us from Albany. The leader of the band that followed you, one said, when he found the settlers had burned their houses and crops pushed on to punish them, and on coming up with them he killed a lot and drove the others into the wilderness to perish. I feared you would be among the wounded and I found your trail and came to care for you."

"To find I am all right. Come Spotted Fawn, we must be going; the Highlanders need their guide."

The sight of the graceful Indian girl was hailed with a shout as we came up with the party. At once she found her place with the boys and girls, and with her merry ways she had not been with them many minutes when she had them running after her each clamoring for her notice.

In the afternoon, when a day's journey had been

covered, Morven would have camped but Blanket would not have it so. Rain was coming, he said, and they needed shelter. There was a cave two miles ahead. The children were done out and it took all Spotted Fawn's resources to keep them moving until she hit on the game of shooting an arrow ahead and then seeing who would be first to get it. When the cave was reached Blanket got the axmen to clear away the bushes from the entrance then, taking his rifle and a bundle of cattails, he crept in. We could see him strike a light, and with a blazing cattail examine the interior to make sure no wild beast had chosen its recesses for its lair. Returning he told the children to enter. There being no vent for smoke in the cave, a fire could not be lit, so two fires were started outside and cooking began. The fat of the bear made the venison more palatable. During the night the rain fell in torrents, but before we lay down Morven read aloud from the printed slip, cut from an Albany newspaper, Spotted Fawn had brought, the account of the company sent to drive the Highlanders from their farms. It said the company, on arriving at the scene of action, found that not only had the Tories fled but they had set fire to the property that had been transferred to true-born Americans. To teach other Tories to respect the rights of those on whom the government had bestowed confiscated lands, the company volunteered to a man to pursue them. Following their trail they came up with the fleeing Tories next day.

With their habitual deceit, the Tories had endeavored to defeat the company by a wretched attempt at an ambuscade, which, beyond causing some lamentable loss of life, had not stopped the victorious march of the patriots, who captured the Highlanders' camp and drove the fleeing miscreants into the wilderness, to be the prey of wild beasts and hunger. On the return of the company to Albany they had been accorded an enthusiastic reception and patriotic speeches had been made by prominent citizens.

Eleventh Day

Rain stopped at noon when Morven wished to move. Blanket said better stay as rain was not over. It began again and heavier than before. Owing to rain there was no hunting, and food was short. Men made shift with one meal. We made bows for the children, and Spotted Fawn kept them amused by teaching them in the cave how to use them.

Twelfth Day

Hollows filled with water and brooks high. Had gone a few miles when Mrs McPhee dropped in a faint. She is a young woman, whose husband was killed in a skirmish while serving with the King's Royal regiment of New York. Discovered her faint was due to weakness from lack of food, giving all that was portioned out to her children. Encouraged today by meeting no streams running southward, proving we have crossed height of land. Hunters

had fine success, so there was plenty to eat when we camped for the night after a day's journey.

Thirteenth Day

Weather fine and settled. Blanket kept urging us on all day, and we made great progress, for there were few hindrances on the road he led us, which was plainly down hill. In the lake, on whose banks we camped towards nightfall, we caught many fish, and hunters shot three deer at watering-places.

Fourteenth Day

Blanket with the young men went still-hunting last night and shot two deer, which came in well for breakfast. Clear and cool and we got along well. In the afternoon, in coming to an opening where a bush fire had swept along, a view of the country north of us burst on view. The edge of the distant scene, which lay below us, Blanket told us was Canada, which cheered us all. He said Indians were near, as he had come across a track, and later we heard two shots. He insisted on a longer tramp than usual, for, if the weather changed, there would be suffering. The children were always the drag, but Spotted Fawn when they gave out in the afternoon, got them in heart again by making the boys hares and the girls squirrels, who ran ahead, when she, as the fox, came bounding after them. It was nearly dark when the camp-fires were lit on the face of a hill.

Fifteenth Day

Smoke, which grew thicker as we travelled. Blanket said there must be a big bush fire to the west of us. When we halted at noon Sandy McGillis and his wife were missed. We thought they were behind and would speedily appear. When ready to move again they were still missing. The young men proposed they should go back and find them. Blanket said no, they too might lose their way, for the smoke was growing worse and making our eyes smart. After travelling a while order was passed to camp, for it had become too dark to see landmarks. Shouting kept up to guide the wanderers and bigger fires than usual kept blazing all night. A dog came up to one of the night-watchers and he cried out for joy on recognizing it was Sandy's collie. It would not eat, but pawed at the young man and then turned as if to tell him to follow. Leaving his comrade to guard the camp he followed the dog, for day was breaking. He told us afterwards the beast led him a long way east until he came on his master and mistress. McGillis had taken a sudden faint turn and rested under a tree until it should pass. On feeling able to resume the journey, they missed the trail in the smoke and knowing they were lost he and his wife had passed an anxious night, for they feared they would never find their way out and would perish for want of food, for though he had a gun he had no powder. "Collie saved us," said Mrs

McGillis, "and he will never want a bone as long as he lives."

Sixteenth Day

At the cry that the St Lawrence was in sight, all got up early. With a change of wind the smoke had disappeared and the glint of the river could be seen where the sunlight struck it. Sunday though it was the children raised a cheer. Blanket had left at sunrise and did not come back until after service. The chapter read and expounded was the last of Deuteronomy. Blanket on arriving told us there was an Indian hunting-camp near by, where he had spent the morning. He had a long talk with Morven, who left with him after dinner. Many followed, and found the camp to be made up of three families. They were astonished at the journey we had made, and said we would make good Indians. The squaws were kind to the children, giving them belts and mocassins. They had no other food than game, but gave what was welcome, a small quantity of salt. Blanket and Morven had a long talk with the braves. The Indians came from a village on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, where it is narrow, and advised crossing near there to a post that was being formed by government men. Morven wrote a letter, telling who we were and what we needed, which a young Indian undertook to deliver to the head government man within two days. He started that afternoon. As the sun neared setting his rays lit up the St. Law-

rence like burnished gold and we rejoiced exceedingly that the end of our travel was in sight.

Seventeenth Day

Had a visit from the Indians before we started. The Indians brought what they could spare to help us on our way and were pleasant and cheerful. That we were reaching lower levels was shown by the change in the forest, the spruce disappearing and there being more and larger hardwood trees. The track, however, was more difficult, for there were more fallen trees and many great stones and rocks. Forded several small streams, which all ran north-east. The woods abounded in black and grey squirrels which the children shot with their bows and Spotted Fawn added hares and partridges. The hunters got only one deer, the growing thickness of the bush hiding them from sight. Camped in a hollow by the side of a rushing brook.

Eighteenth Day

The net placed across the brook had many fish in it, which were cooked for breakfast. The day was showery and chilly but Blanket kept urging us on. Had to wade through several swampy places. Blanket said should a heavy rain come we could not reach the big river, for the land was flat along its southern bank. Little to eat and all dog-tired.

Nineteenth Day

There being no food, had to remain in camp until

the hunters should return. Blanket had tracked a bear into a berry-patch; it was fat and good. The others had only small game. On starting moved as fast as possible, following the east bank of a stream which grew wider as we went on. Had deep gullies with streams at bottom to cross, which tired the children, though the men helped them all they could. There being nothing to eat the Men killed a pony in the bush, and told us it was moose-meat.

Twentieth Day

Started to rain during the night and continued all morning. All wet and feeling miserable from cold and hunger, for we had only some meat and the fish that were caught in the river. Blanket said we would go only a few miles farther down the river, for he expected boats would come to take us across the St. Lawrence, seeing we were now near the spot where word was sent by the Indian youth to the government-man he would find us. Halted where solid land ended, and spent all afternoon watching for sight of boats. None came. Many fish caught but no game.

Twenty-first Day

One of misery. There was a ground mist with drizzling rain; dark and dreary. Only good feature, it was calm and not cold, and favorable for fishing. Spotted Fawn kept the children busy all forenoon shaping skins as disguises. When all was ready and

they came out in the afternoon and went through all manner of games and antics the saddest amongst us roared with laughter. Only game shot was from a flock of duck that flew over our heads.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

Watching for the boats. Tim climbed a high pine-tree, but could not see far for the bends in the river and the trees. Sorry we could not do something; would have liked to take up our journey, but could not, for all round us was deep swamp, except where our camp was. Hunters did not go out as they might be left behind. Noon was drawing nigh and we sat waiting and watching, when all at once Spotted Fawn started to her feet with the cry, "Hear!" We listened, but heard naught save the cry of a bittern. "They are coming," she said, "get ready," and now we all came to hear the last sound any of us expected, that of the Highland bagpipes. Oh, what a shout went up, and in that instant all our cares, hunger, and weariness were forgotten, and we shook hands and mothers clasped their bairns and cried. In a little while the foremost boat slid into sight, and was followed by six more—they were like herring-boats but wider and longer. The piper was in the last boat, and his question "How are you all?" sent our hearts into our mouths, for he spoke in Gaelic. It was no time for talk, for they told us the sail was a long one, and the day was passing, so we hurried into the boats, leaving what they could not hold for another day, with the two ponies, for, as already told, unknown to

us we had eaten one to save us from perishing. We knew the ponies could not stray far, for there was no grass beyond the river bank.

Not all got into the boats. John Blanket said we would part now, as it was time to return to his own people and his canoe was higher up on the St. Lawrence, and was on its south bank. Morven urged him to come, for he hoped the officer in charge of the station who had sent the boats would reward him. "Without you," said Morven, "we would have perished in the wilderness. Come, and I will show you we are not ungrateful."

"No," replied Blanket, "before the new moon is done I must be with my own people. The Mohawk does not value money as the white-man, or look to be paid for what he does. You were the friend of Johnson and of my chief, you took our side against the Yankees, and it was my call to befriend you," and he threw back his head with a gesture that showed his resolve was made. Drawing from his bosom the brooch of Locheil, Morven pinned it on the breast of Spotted Fawn, and wringing Blanket's hand got into the last boat. As it was turning the bend he looked back. The Indian and his bride were standing on the river-bank gazing after them; she fluttered her little hand in farewell. He never saw them again.

On the boats clearing the sedges and rushes that grew across the mouth of the river we entered the St. Lawrence. Sails were hoisted, and with the

southeast wind that was blowing took a slant for the north shore. The only food the boatmen had brought was sea-biscuit, and by us all they were remembered as the sweetest bite of our lives. To wile the time Morven started a Gaelic song. It was taken up by the occupants of each boat, and the heartiness with which we sang song after song told of our joy at our escape from the wilderness. The sun had begun to redden the waves of the St. Lawrence when we neared the point for which we were steering, and on which were several new log-buildings. Falling in line, the piper struck up his loudest pibroch, and when we saw at the landing-place a group of men waiting for us, and higher up the bank a pole from which flew a small British flag, nothing could restrain us, and we shouted as if our senses had left us. Apart from those who were helping us to land, and standing by himself on top of the bank, was a stumpy red-faced man in the undress of an officer. Morven went straight to him and saluting said, "The commandant of the post, I presume."

"That's the honor conferred upon me by His Gracious Majesty, and you, I take it, are the man Morven who wrote me in such extremely urgent terms for help."

"The same, and on behalf of these rescued people I beg to thank you. Had the boats not come this day it would have gone hard with us."

The officer haughtily waved his hand and threw back his head.

"May I entreat you now to add to your kindness by giving them food and shelter."

"His Majesty's bounty is only extended to those whose loyalty is properly attested and as I am his representative I must be satisfied as to that. Follow me, sir."

The officer led to the largest and best finished of the log-houses, where an orderly was in waiting. With great deliberation the officer took his seat at the end of a rude table and with pen in hand commanded Morven to give him the names of his adult male companions, whence they had come, and what service they had rendered the King. Morven replied in a surprised voice, "Sir, these people have been robbed of everything, I may say, save their lives by a victorious enemy, and to escape further persecution fled to the wilderness. For three weeks they have been wandering northward in the hope of finding a refuge. They are starving and half-naked. Will you not give orders to provide for their wants first and leave these questions to another time?"

"Fellow, do you presume to dictate to me, who am honored by His Majesty's commission as major and am commandant of this post?"

"Nay, I honor your commission and your authority, but I appeal to you as a man to have pity on the needs of women and children and give the relief that lies in your power before it grows dark."

"Did you, sir, serve your King in the late war?" asked the Major.

"I did not; but seven of the young men who are without did, and can produce their discharges, signed by Sir John Johnson."

"Why did you not fight for your sovereign?"

"I had another duty to perform, of which I will tell you again; but for the present give help to the needy."

Eying Morven suspiciously the major dipped his pen in the ink-bottle. Holding out a slip of paper to his servant he said, "Here, give this order to Sergeant Grant; this fellow going with you. You are excused," he said to Morven, "I shall see you again. Do not consider this aid is a warrant that more will be given. The case of the men having discharges will be considered, the others need expect no assistance."

On going out they found the order was superfluous, for the newcomers had been given shelter, fires were blazing, and the cooking of supper was afoot. "You did not wait for an order from the major," said Morven to the sergeant.

"The piper, the major, his servant, and myself are the only soldiers—all the others are civilians and care little for the major or his orders. He is hard to put up with," he whispered in Gaelic, "and I advise you to speak him fair, for he has much in his power."

Morven turned to help in making the people comfortable. He had looked for a hearty welcome, and his reception by this pompous little Englishman made him bitter of spirit.

With the close of the American war, in the winter of 1782 there was a rush of those Americans who had remained true to British allegiance to get out of the country in order to escape the persecutions of the victorious republicans. To help them the British government sent ships to convey them to the West Indies, to Britain itself, where the majority went, to New Brunswick, and to Nova Scotia. Nearer to the loyalists who had lived in New York state was Ontario, and they crossed the St. Lawrence and the Niagara rivers. To provide for them agents were sent to survey the land and allot to each family a free grant, while depots of provisions were established to keep them alive until they could get sufficient land under crop to maintain them. One of these depots was placed at the foot of the Long Sault rapids, and Major Fenner placed in charge. To assist him he had Sergeant Grant and the piper, both belonging to the King's Royal regiment, and a gang of workmen. The sergeant and piper had been sent to prepare for the coming of the men of the regiment, which had been disbanded, and who were waiting in barracks until all was ready for them to begin their new life. They were mostly Highlanders who had enlisted under Sir John Johnson. When we arrived, a clearance had been made and log-storehouses and a barracks were going up. In these we were quartered for the night. The following morning Morven was standing looking across the river when Sergeant Grant joined him.

"What are those small huts yonder?" asked Morven, pointing to the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence.

"That is the Indian settlement St. Regis."

"The place our guide said we would have to go did the boats not come for us."

"And that came near being so. When the Indian arrived with your letter there was nothing bigger than canoes at hand, but on Friday a convoy of boats arrived from Lachine with supplies, and when they were unloaded they were sent for you."

The major's orderly was seen coming. He brought a message that Morven wait on his master after breakfast On going at the appointed hour he beheld the major in full regimentals walking up and down in front of his quarters. Bowing to him, Morven waited.

"Ha, you have come back to answer the questions I propounded. Have you brought the discharges signed by Sir John Johnson, lieutenant-colonel, late brigadier-general of militia?"

"These are matters of business, and therefore do not become this day."

"What do you mean, fellow?"

"This is the Sabbath, and to be respected by leaving worldly affairs aside."

"Do you presume to instruct me how to observe Sunday? I obey the King's regulations, by hoisting the ensign and assuming full-dress. There ought also to be church parade, but there is no chaplain."

"Sir, there are other instructions besides those of the King as to the observance of the Sabbath."

The major halted and looked Morven haughtily over. "You seem to be a very common fellow, and a ragged one to boot. May I ask how, in your superior way, you propose to keep what you call the Sabbath?"

"For this day, our purpose is to have a meeting of thanksgiving for our deliverance from the wilderness."

"Are you a Puritan?"

"I am a Scot, and brought up to publicly worship my Maker on this day."

"A meeting! There is no service nearer than Montreal. Do you pretend to be a minister? Your appearance does not speak of holy orders."

"I am no minister, but fear not to approach Him who has appointed no one between Himself and His children save Christ, and who calls for no ceremonial or oblation from those who seek Him."

Mimicing Morven's Scottish accent, the major mockingly bowed to him and, tossing his head, told him he was dismissed. We met in the afternoon in an open glade where a little river joins the St. Lawrence. Never did prayers of thanksgiving come from more grateful hearts or psalms of praise from more sincere lips.

Part the Last

Next forenoon, while Morven was consulting with Sergeant Grant as to laying out the land in lots for the people, the major's orderly came and told him to follow. The major was at his table. In addition to his books and papers there was a bottle and two glasses. "Before we proceed to the King's business, let us drink to his health." So saying he filled the two glasses, and pushed one towards Morven. Lifting his own the major stood up, "The King, his royal majesty George Third, the best of Kings." He did not put it to his lips, for he saw Morven had not lifted his glass. "What do you mean? Are you such a dolt that you do not know when the King's health is proposed?"

"If drinking what hurts men's brains and bodies would help the King I might. I wish him well, but I taste not strong drink."

The major, who liked his glass too well, thought Morven was taunting him. He grew purple with rage and broke out in a torrent of curses. "Fellow, I will have you tied to the halberds and given fifty lashes; I shall whip the treason out of you. Dover, call the guard."

"Your servant is beyond call and there is no guard. I have come to attend to the affairs of the people I act for and to empty no bottle. Let us proceed with business."

"Dictate to me, you beggarly Scot! I'll kick you out of my door. I shall have no communication with a traitor."

"Let that word stick in your throat. I have heard it abused ever since I came to America. The loyalists called those who would not go with them traitors, and those who swore by the continental congress called their opponents traitors. Names are merely sound when they do not stand for principles."

"And what are your principles?" asked the major with a sneer.

"I love the country of my fathers, and therefore I opposed separation from it: I love my fellowmen and therefore shed no blood."

"You mean, you canting hypocrite, that you were too great a coward to fight to preserve the rights of your King to the ownership of the lands and people that were his"

"No King owns the land or people over whom he is set. He is only the head official of the government, and I hold, sir, that King George, in taking upon himself to insist that his wishes go before those of his parliament and ministers, is answerable for the loss of the thirteen provinces, and what is ever so much worse, for making men enemies whom, by speech and kindred, God meant to be brethren."

"That is worse than treason, that is blasphemy: what more have you to say?"

"That King George with his German ideas of royal rule and his wooden apprehension of passing events is accountable for the great crime of the century—the severance in anger of our race."

"Why, you are a philosopher. Go on"

"I speak from experience. I have been wakened at night by the howling of wolves as they prowled round our camp-fires, and could not sleep again for thinking how I might find food for the children and others entrusted to me. I have seen Whigs and Tories perpetrate deeds of cruelty upon each other that made my flesh creep. In the last seven years I have risked my life a hundred times in standing up for the Motherland. I have had my heart torn in twain and the joy of day turned into darkness, and why? Because an obstinate man with a crown on his head persisted in being blind to what everybody saw was inevitable, and which he himself last winter, when he could no longer help it, was forced to recognize, by acknowledging the independence of the United States."

"Spew out all your treason—you shall hang for this."

"If ever King betrayed his trust and brought untold and unspeakable suffering upon his people, it is George the Third. I have passed through the horrors and know whereof I speak. That he is a good man in private life and meant well, is no satisfaction to

those who, by his conduct, have lost all they held dearest and, driven into exile, have to beg for bread."

"You shall beg for it in vain," interrupted the major, "but I shall provide a rope for your neck."

"I have seen men like you with the cant of loyalty continually in their mouths serve the cause of the enemy, by their greed for office, their exactions, their insulting claims to being better than their fellows, and to an exclusive loyalty. God save Canada from the breed who add office to office, make them hereditary, and, pretending they are the props of the empire, fatten on the people's earnings! They helped to turn the thirteen provinces against British rule, and, unless kept down where they should be, will do the same here. I am no man-worshipper. Between one like yourself who makes loyalty stand for living on the public without serving it, lifting King George as your shield against complaint, and the American who makes a little god of Washington I see no difference."

"This is your dying speech: what more have you to say? The felon on the scaffold is heard to the end."

"That we sought out Canada in the belief that it was a land where men and women could enjoy what they earned in peace, where differences of opinion would not be made penal offences, where there would be no privileged class, and where the government would first consider the lot of the common people, whose labor maintains it, and not rule it according to the views of those who affect to be an aristocracy

and of the rich. I came hoping for that, and find in you a Jack-in-office—"

"Dover," shouted the major, rising as if he would attack Morven, but quailed before his giant proportions. "Call Sergeant Grant."

On the sergeant's appearing he was ordered to take Morven into custody and to hold him in close confinement until the boats left for Coteau: if he attempted to escape, to shoot him. To the sorrow of us all, and more to me who, standing near the door and hearing all that had passed, feared he was going to his death, Morven was taken away that afternoon. No word came back from Montreal, and the first we knew of what happened him was what he told us when he, at last, returned. He said little and did not care to tell of what he had undergone, but I made inquiry and learned what I here set down from those who knew. On arriving in Montreal he was put in jail. On the fourth day he was taken out of his cell, led through the streets by a file of soldiers to headquarters, and found himself in presence of Sir John Johnson. Asking the attendants to leave, no sooner had the last withdrawn than Sir John warmly grasped Morven's hand and expressed his sorrow to find him in trouble. Then Morven told his story, from Hoover's warning to the Highlanders to leave to their reception by Major Fenner. On hearing it, Sir John apologised to Morven for being kept a prisoner so long, explaining he was absent when his letter was delivered at his quarters. In the

events of the journey over the Adirondack wilderness Sir John showed deep interest, for he had traversed it himself in flying to Canada with 200 followers in the spring of 1776, and, as he said, had suffered all save death. He wrote the order for Morven's release and took him to the commissary, who paid him fifty guineas to buy whatever the refugees were most in need of. While waiting for a boat, he had frequent conversations with Sir John as to the best method of settling the loyalists, of whom over two thousand were in waiting. The boat that carried Morven brought a despatch to Major Fenner, ordering him to report at once at headquarters.

We were not idle while Morven was away, for Sergeant Grant carried out the plan he had suggested. The land had not been surveyed, and there was no prospect of lots being laid out for some time, for the crown land surveyors had begun at the foot of lake Ontario and were working eastward. The sergeant, as well as he could, staked off the lake front, allowing to each family what he considered would, when the surveyors came, secure a hundred acres, or double that, according to the depth they would make the lots. This was quickly done, and as each family was given its lot we started to work to make a clearance for a shanty. As we all worked together and had many good axmen, log-houses went up so quickly that by the time Morven returned he found seven. They were poor affairs, about the size

of a big room, with sloping roofs, covered with slabs of bark, and chimneys made of poles plastered with clay, but they were homes, and proud was each family as it got one in turn. With our doings Major Fenner did not interfere, perhaps because the sergeant knew how to humor him. The major despised business and hated to be troubled about what he did not understand or care for. He spent his time fishing or hunting; on rainy days he played solitaire, with a bottle at his elbow. From the government storehouse Sergeant Grant, according to the instructions sent from Montreal, for each family drew 4 panes of glass and nails enough for frame and door. To make windows and doors Morven set to work, and the day after he came had a whip-saw going. It was the end of October before all were in their shanties, when a start was made to clear the land. At this all did not work. So long as the St. Lawrence was open many of the men earned wages by sailing the boats that were always passing between Coteau and Johnstown, for so our post came to be known, being named after Sir John Johnson. But the name did not continue, for it soon gave place to Cornwall. Others who were handy with tools were hired by the government on the erection of large buildings, for preparations had to be made for the settlers whom the spring would bring. With the last boat Sergeant Grant and the piper left to rejoin their regiment at Sorel, for although it was disbanded, the men were in the barracks there and in that at Isle-aux-Noix, waiting until the spring,

when they would come with their families to join us. When the river froze men went over to St. Regis and brought the two ponies we had left on the bank of Salmon river. Word had been sent the Indians on our arrival, and they had taken care of them, and we had prepared a stack of hay, cut in a beaver-meadow near one of the shanties. It was some time before they regained condition, but when they did they earned many a gold piece by carrying freight and passengers on the ice between Johnstown and Coteau. For food we did fairly well. Every quarter each family drew rations from the government store; mostly pork and biscuit, sometimes oatmeal and flour. The quality was not always good, the pork rusty, the biscuit maggoty, but we were thankful to get it. Deer were plentiful, and the Indians showed us how to cut holes in the ice and catch fish in the dead of winter. All the while, the clearances were growing larger and the felled trees rolled into heaps ready to be burned when spring came. It was a stormy cold winter, but we did not feel it as much as the winters after, for our shanties stood in the thick woods, which broke the blast. The end of March the Indians began to make sugar and we learnt from them and secured a little.

It was a late spring, and it was the third week in April when the ice left the St Lawrence, when preparations were started for receiving the discharged soldiers and their families. Our work was now disagreeable, burning the trees we had felled. As they

were green, they burned imperfectly, and it was toilsome to gather and regather the partly consumed logs into heaps and set fire to them anew. The men who wielded the handspikes were half-naked, sweat furrowing channels through the soot that coated them, their eyes smarting from smoke. Seed potatoes, Indian corn, and turnip-seed, were supplied by the government, which were dibbled into the soil between the stumps with hoes.

With coming of spring we began to expect the arrival of refugees, like ourselves, from republican tyranny. It was not, however, until late in May that a letter came from Sir John Johnson ordering Morven to come to Montreal and lead the first party. As the boat that brought the letter would not go back for three days, Morven decided to go by canoe and told me to get ready. We left next morning, two Indians managing the canoe. When Coteau came in sight we got glimpses of the red coats of the soldiers, for it was a military post, with guns that commanded the channel of the river. Workmen were busy building storehouses, for trade had suddenly developed with the country to the west, and there was much coming and going. I had heard many tell of shooting the rapids, and now I was to experience the flight over them, with their thrill of danger. The trees, that clad shore and island, dipping their branches into the hurrying flood, were bursting into full leaf; above, the sky was mottled with fleecy clouds; it was, indeed, a glorious May day. In a few minutes we

were at the head of the first rapid, which, to my alarmed glance, looked like a sheet of foam, with great billows tossing their crests, the spray glittering as it fell in showers in the dazzling sunlight. An Indian was at the bow with his paddle, the other at the stern —Morven and I lay low between them. In we dashed amid the roaring waters, were tossed wildly about for a few minutes, and, then, I was looking back from smooth water at the wild surges that sloped above us. My blood tingled with excitement, and I was now eager for the next rapid. It speedily came, and another, and another, until we leapt from the last on to the glassy bosom of lake St. Louis, along which we paddled until it grew dark, when we drew up to a house on the bank. We found the habitant and his family at supper, their sole dish one of bruised corn boiled in milk. We had brought our own provisions and after a hearty meal rested in the log stable to which we were made welcome. The Indians were stirring at the streak of day, Morven paid the habitant for his hospitality with a piece of pork, and the waters of the lake were crimsoning in the rising sun as we took our way to Lachine, of which I had heard much. It disappointed me, for it consisted of a few log huts and several long storehouses, filled with goods for the King's posts. We parted with the Indians, who were at once hired for the return trip, and started for Montreal over a dreadful road, for such was the traffic that it was a succession of mudholes. Leaving me at an inn Morven waited

on Sir John Johnson, who directed him to go to Chambly by one of the King's boats that was to sail in the afternoon.

It was astonishing to me to find a good stone-fort at Chambly with a considerable force of soldiers, part in barracks and part in tents. Among them we had expected to find Sergeant Grant. He had gone to New York State to seek for his family and had not returned, but we got a hearty welcome from his companion, the piper. There were about fifty ready to go to their new homes, which the commandant of the fort said was too few, and to wait for more. In the days we were at Chambly we heard the stories of the refugees, and they were stories of cruelty and sore suffering. Several like ourselves had lived in the valley of the Mohawk. Because son or father had enlisted in the British army, they had their houses burned, everything they possessed seized, and themselves driven from their farms to shift as they might.

It was dark when the boats with a large party arrived from St. Johns. With them were Sergeant Grant and the members of his family. I listened while he told his experience to Morven and my cheeks were never dry. The sergeant had been a tenant of Sir John Johnson and enlisted in his regiment. When Johnson hall was robbed and burned by the republicans he was among those who followed Sir John to Canada, and had served with him in all his raids. From the hour when he hurriedly bade his wife and children farewell, the sergeant had no word of them.

On peace being declared he had made enquiry without result, so, when released from duty at Cornwall, he had gone to the States in search of them. He found his wife in a small village on the Hudson, where she was keeping the body and soul of her younger children together by spinning. She told her husband that the night following the destruction of Johnson hall a band of Whigs came who turned herself and children out of their home and, after helping themselves to what they could carry away, set house and barn on fire. Their spoil they loaded in the cart that stood in the yard, to which they yoked the sergeant's horse, and left driving his cattle before them. Before a match was put to the stable, the man who was in command told Mrs Grant the farm was confiscated, and she must not remain on it. Joining neighbors, who had been treated like herself, they took the Albany road, seeking work and shelter. So bitter was the feeling against the loyalists that several Whigs, altho those who asked for help were either very old or very young, all fit to carry a gun having gone to the war, refused even a crust to the babes crying from hunger, and drove them from their doors with curses and set the dogs upon them, while others took advantage of their necessities to hire them to work for a bare subsistence. Families thus got broken up, and in many instances members were lost sight of and never heard of again. The malignity of heartless men caused charges of giving information to the British army to

be preferred against the wanderers, and white-haired fathers, who were innocent, were sent to prison and chained and kept through cold and heat until the peace set them free. Not a few died in prison. Mrs Grant tried to keep all her children together but was unable; the older ones went wherever work offered, until she was left with those of tender years. What she had endured, not only from want of food and shelter but from the cruel acts and crueller words of the people she had to live among, the sergeant had to guess, for she would not tell him all. How he found her I will relate in his own words:

"I had gone to every place where I supposed she might be, and each time was disappointed. I said to myself I will look another day and if I fail I will give up my search and go back to Canada, and the evening of the next day I would repeat the same words, yet, when morning came, start afresh in my weary hunt. I had come to a town on the Hudson, below Albany, and in the tavern had repeated my questions. One by one shook his head, when a farmer, going out at the door, to mount his wagon, cried there was a woman who spoke Highland talk at Moore's hollow. I jumped up to follow him, but the farmer was driving away, cracking his whip to hurry his horse. I had intended staying where I was that night, but could not rest. Told the road to take, I set out. The night was still and warm and the road bad, and longer than I expected, so it was dark when the lights of the little village came in view. I was

tired and dispirited, when suddenly I heard singing. The sound came from a hut in a field I was passing. The tune I could not name, yet it made something within me dirl with long past memories. I jumped the fence and as I drew nearer the house it flashed on me the tune was the spinning-song I had heard when a boy my mother sing at her wheel. I listened closer, the words were Gaelic. My heart was bursting, for now I recognized my wife's voice. The door was open, with no light. I rushed to the door with the cry, "Christy, I have come for you." The burr of the wheel ceased, there was a scream, and in a moment my wife was in my arms. Oh, Morven, I might live a hundred years and never have a thrill like that go through me There was no candle in the house, so we lit some punk on the hearthstone, and my bairns came from their shakedowns on the floor to clasp my knees. All knew me except wee Sandy, who was a toddler when I left with the regiment, and he cried at the big, black man who wanted to cuddle him. There was delay in getting my three oldest children They were here and there and their masters did not want to part with them at such short notice, and I had to forfeit their wages to get them away. When we were gathered together, and, God be praised, there was not one missing, we set out for lake Champlain, where the British government had arranged for the passage of loyalist refugees. The Americans we met on our way offered no opposition, being glad to see their country rid of

Tories, though every one of my children had been born in America. On reaching the lake we found several families like ourselves, and not a few in worse plight, for, in going to Canada, they were leaving sons and daughters whom they could not find, were either dead or strayed afar without leaving a trace. An old comrade of my own, who had accompanied me from Sorel to seek his family, had not discovered one of them, and was going back heart-broken and desolate. All he had learned was, that the year he had left her, his wife had died of fever in Albany. Others were more fortunate, and there had been reunions of fathers and sons, who had served in the army, with mothers and sisters, all the more joyous that they had never expected to meet again in this world. The sail up the lake ended at Ile-aux-Noix, where it was intended we should leave the boats and walk across the neck of land to Montreal. The road, however, was impassable from mud, and the boats were ordered to continue to Chambly."

Placed in charge of the party, Morven, with the aid of the military, speedily got all ready, and we sailed to Montreal, landing where there was a windmill. The walk to Lachine was hard, for we stumbled alongside a track of mud, laden with baggage and the children who were too young to get along. It was a relief when we reached the boats, of which there was quite a fleet in waiting. They were the same sort as the boats that had taken us from Salmon river to Cornwall—long and broad,

sharp-pointed at each end, and too shallow, for they were flat-bottomed, to allow of any deck. The lake was rough and we could see rain was coming, but all were glad to get into them, for we sorely needed a rest. The wind being east, the boats cast off, hoisted sail, and made good speed, for by nightfall we reached the head of the lake, tying up at a point where there was a guard-house with a long log-storehouse, which, as it happened to be empty, was given for the women and children as a shelter from the rain. The men spent the night in the boats or round the camp-fire, a big one being started. The rain ceased before daybreak and it was soon all bustle unloading the boats, while the women were cooking breakfast. The boats could only go up the rapids empty, so everybody fit to walk started on the road that ran along the river-bank and those who could, carried children or part of the lading of the boats. Being strong-handed, we could do all this and yet leave enough men to help at the tow-ropes. A few frail folk and women with infants were left in the boats. I would not have believed it possible to take a boat up the rapids had I not seen it. The way the task was managed was in this wise—two men were left in each boat, one to steer, the other at the bow with a long setting-pole to keep the boat's head close to the bank. On the bank stood as many men as could be got, to whom a tow-line was passed, which they put over their shoulders, and, pulling with all their might, dragged the boat through the swirling current to the

head of the rapid. There were four places where no strength of man could have pulled a boat, so wild and swift was the river, and at these places the British government had just completed cuts across the points with small locks to overcome the ascent. It was noon when we arrived at the Cedars, a village of a few log huts, and rested awhile and had dinner. We needed both food and rest, for towing had proved exhausting to the toughest among us, not being used to it, and the sun all forenoon had beaten down with blistering heat. The boatmen telling us we had passed the worst, and a few hours more would see us on the lake, cheered us all in starting again. All went well with us and we had just overcome the Coteau, the last rapid, when what might have been a sad accident happened. It was at a point where the current is swift and sweeps out from the bank, that it took place, and it was to the boat Morven was helping to tow. The man at the bow had thrust his pike-pole to keep the boat from being swept into the current, when the pole snapped and he fell into the bottom of the boat, which, released from the pressure of the pole, swerved outwards from the bank, jerking the men who had hold of its tow-rope off their feet. Morven took in the danger at a glance. The bow of the boat was swinging outwards, and in another minute it would have been turned, and, rushing down stream, smashed into the boats that were behind. He plunged into the torrent, caught the bow of the boat, and, bracing his feet on the rocks, held

it until the man picked up the spare pole, and the men on the bank got on their feet and began pulling at the towrope with all their might. The excitement was all over in an instant, with Morven lying on the grass, with his breast throbbing with his exertion. We all agreed there was not another man in our company with the strength to do what he did or the courage that led him to attempt it. Soon after we moored at the Coteau, and saw we could go no farther, for there was a west wind, which had raised quite a sea. The boats could only use their sails in a fair wind, not being built for tacking, and it was too rough to row, so, reluctantly enough we had to wait overnight.

It was after supper, when we gathered on the green in front of the little fort, that a discussion took place which I, to whom was given the closing of this account of how the settlement of Glengarry started, think worth while setting down. It began with the remark of one of the number, that he did not think the government was doing all for us that we deserved; we had fought for the King and lost everything we possessed for doing so, and now were led into a wilderness where, unless we could live as did the wild beasts, for all he could see, we would perish. The man was a grumbler-born, but the next speaker was both a grumbler and a hypocrite, for he always put his complainings in pious words. "It is strange, indeed," he replied, "after all we have suffered Providence should be recompensing us with

more suffering. Surely, the trials we have gone through deserved reward."

"Why, what right have you to expect reward? Was it not our own choice to take the loyalist side and we did so because we knew it was the right side. Nobody should complain who suffers in a good cause." It was Sergeant Grant who said this.

"Aye," interposed Ian McDonnell, "we fought because we did not want to be cut off from old Scotland, and, though beaten where we lived, we are going to secure our end here in Canada, which is British and we will hold against all-comers as British."

There was not one among the party more respected than Ronald Chisholm, whom we called "the elder," for he had been such in a church in Tryon county, and was the oldest man in our party. When he spoke we all listened. "The name of Providence is not to be lightly used. Who knows but, in his mysterious workings, we have been guided here to fulfil his designs, that in these woods we see on every side he means to raise a people who will serve Him with a reverence and fear I saw not among the people who drove us from their midst. What do we know about our deservings, or who dare count his trials as something to be paid for? In all we have done we have followed the leadings of our consciences, and he who obeys the best light that is in him seeks neither recognition nor reward."

Sergeant Grant said it was not true the government had done little, for it had given the means to

gather us from all over the States, had conveyed us so far on our journey, and, next day, would give to each family 200 acres of land and would supply provisions until crops were raised.

Morven said what the sergeant had told them was true and to pay no heed to grumblers. They were going to be given a chance to be independent, and if, in a few years, they were not as so many bonnet-lairds, working the land they owned and calling no man master, it would be because they were lazy or shiftless. "You are given a great chance for yourselves and your children, and you may be sure this is going to be a great country, little as you may think of it just now." And then he sang a song which we called Morven's song.

Britannia, from her island throne
Mark'd those who stood for her alone,
Who, rather than her rule deny,
Sought homes beneath the northern sky
We love her, we own her,
And for her we shall stand:
One in heart and mind
For Canada and Motherland.

When, 'neath the woodsman's sturdy stroke,
Our country fair to life awoke,
No lordling dar'd to tithe her soil—
It's fruits are free to all who toil.
We hold it, we keep it,
As Labor's honest fee;
A land forever open
To the peaceable and free.

Here Labor takes no scorn from Pride,
And here no class shall override,
For the people aye shall rule the State,
With Worth the title of their great.
We fear not, we crouch not,
To no man bend the knee;
True worth, good faith, and trust
Alone shall honor'd be.

While shrinking not when war is nigh,
May Peace abide, clear as our sky,
With calm Content, in Right secure;
Strong to defend, in purpose pure.
We wish it, we seek it
That Canada may be
A land of peace and plenty,
Goodwill and harmony.

O Thou! who never fail to shield
Those who to Thee their homage yield,
Be Thou our country's guide and stay,
Her bulwark in the evil day.
We own Thee, we trust Thee,
In Hope we march along;
In faith we are building
Our country free and strong.

I have not set down all that was said, and more might have followed, had not the lads and lassies got the piper to tune up, and soon there were shouts and snappings of fingers as they danced reels and strathspeys, not forgetting the Highland fling.

Next morning, too soon we thought, for we were sore with fatigue, the bugle of the fort awoke us, and we got ready to finish our journey. The lake

was calm; not a breath of wind. After breakfast, the boats were filled, and off we set with oars flickering in the sunshine and beating music to the forest that we swept by. We had to row all the way. There being plenty to relieve at the oars we made good speed up lake St. Francis, and when Cornwall was sighted we could see a bit of red, which we knew to be our flag, going to the masthead, and make out people hurrying from every quarter to receive us. Next came the log houses of Morven's party, peeping out from amid the woods, and from the bank in front of one of these shanties darted a canoe paddled by a young maid who shouted her welcome, which we returned with a roar that made the lake echo again and again. Everyone of us took it as an omen of good luck that so fair and pure a creature should have been the first to greet us. And now we saw boats hastening all along the shore and from Cornwall itself to meet us, and our piper played and we shouted and cheered, and the blood coursed wildly in our veins, and we forgot the past in the joy of the moment, the palest cheek flushing and the most mournful face smiling. When we landed, what a shaking of hands and cries of welcome and mingling of tears of joy with laughter! How can I tell it all? I cannot, it was a day never to be forgotten. They had dinner ready and would have killed us with kindness had we eaten all they pressed upon us.

All Morven told the new-comers the government would do for them was fulfilled. Each family was

given land, with tools to clear it, help to build houses, and food to keep them until they could do for themselves. The choice, of course, was for lots along the water front, and before long there was a string of shanties extending from river Beaudette to far above the Soo rapids. Those who settled beside us were Highlanders with few exceptions. None, however, were from our part of Scotland, but from farther north, Glengarry and Lochaber. I might tell of our first schoolmaster, our first preacher, our first road and our first mill, of our steady progress in comfort, but that has nothing to do with the story of how our people left Scotland, and how, after enduring many afflictions in what is now the United States, they sought, by wandering through a dreadful wilderness, homes in Canada. And we found homes there, happy, contented homes, where peace and modest plenty prevail, homes where warm Highland hearts beat, homes where the stranger finds a Highland welcome and that is all there is any call to tell about.

It was in June, 1785, that Morven startled us by saying he was about to leave for Scotland. When Major Fenner sent him prisoner to Montreal he made inquiry about the family of Miriam, for it was his intention to have them join our settlement and to make his home with them. Following up some word he got, he went to Ile-aux-Noix, where he learned the boat they had embarked on to sail up lake Champlain to Canada had been caught in a squall, upset, and all drowned, except one of the boatmen, who

clung to the wreck. It was this man who told him, so there was no room for doubt. It was then a craving came upon him to see Scotland, and before he left Montreal he wrote to the minister in whose house he had lived when a lad. Next summer a letter reached him. It was not from the minister, for he had died, but from his widow. She was rejoiced, she wrote, to hear from him, and to learn of the people who went with him. A lawyer in Edinburgh had written her about him, asking if she could give any information of the whereabouts of Morven, for he had fallen heir to what a client of his had willed him. His only aunt, the aged widow of a writer-to-the-signet, was dead, and had left everything to him It was not a great deal, a house and a few hundred pounds, but enough to make it worth his while to go and claim. He spoke not of it at the time, for he would not leave until he saw we were able to do for ourselves and there was a prospect of a good crop. So, with the last ship of the spring fleet, he sailed from Montreal, and we sorrowed for him as we would for the loss of a father. We heard not from him for a year. He had reached Edinburgh, made good his claim, and then went to visit the minister's widow. He told how the island we had been torn from was given up to pasture, its only inhabitant the Lowlander who attended the sheep, and he knew nothing of the past, not even the name of the island. The crofters on the mainland were all gone—grassy spots in the heather the only mark of where their

cottages had stood. He had sought out the hearthstones round which he had spent many a happy winter's evening, recalled the kindly faces he knew so well, and left with a sore heart. As for himself, he had sold the house in Edinburgh, and with its price, together with what money had been willed him, had bought a cabinet-maker's shop in Glasgow. Adopting American methods he had extended the business and was sure he was going to do well. To show he had not forgotten us, he sent a spinning-wheel for each widow in the settlement, a big roll of tartan to make dresses for girls under ten, and a plaid for each of the young women, whom he knew, when he left, were going to be married when our second crop was reaped. That was not the last time he remembered us by word and gift. He sent money to take Tim to Glasgow. We knew why he wanted him beside him —he was the last link that joined his memory to Miriam.

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